State Library

THE CAUCASIAN.

VOL. XI. GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1893. NO. 25.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE OPINION OF THE EDITOR ON THE ISSUES OF THE DAY.

The Democratic governor of New Jersey has appointed Wm. Walter Phelps, a former republican congressman, and more recently Mr. Harrison's minister to Germany to a judgeship. How fast the two old parties are coming together.

It isn't silver money; it isn't paper money the goldbugs are afraid of. It is more money, better times for the masses, a higher range of prices, people paying their debts and freeing themselves from interest slavery, lightening the burdens of taxation and transportation charges, that give plutocracy the nightmare.—Missouri World.

A few months ago silver coinage advocates were jeered and laughed at when they declared that the silver question was an issue and the most vital and important question before the American people. How is it now? The British parliament, the American senate and congress, the president and president-elect all concede now that silver is the most important question of all. The tariff is forgotten.—Rocky Mountain News.

We said but last week that we did not believe that Tom Watson and Congressman Winn has said that if the Democratic party carried out the Chicago platform that there would be no need for the People's party. Col. Polk used to say (when asked about statements in the daily partisan papers) "wait a week and hear the truth" after a week again we get the truth. Watson and Winn are both out in cards branding the publications as untrue. They say that the Democratic party will have to give equal rights and justice to all before there is no need of the Peoples party.

In 1892 the U. S. Senate passed a resolution instructing the committee on agriculture to investigate and report on the causes of agricultural depression. The report which has just been published, referring to the cotton crop says: "There are causes for this low price coming from legislation now in force, and there are other causes coming from needful legislation yet to be enacted." This is exactly what the Alliance has claimed and charged from the beginning. And if the committee had gone on to specify the real causes for depression, the bad laws to be repealed and the remedial ones to be passed, it would have been bound to have practiced the Alliance doctrine in detail.

Mr. Jacob Battle, Senator from Nash, is evidently trying to bolster the Legislature and forestall public opinion upon the conduct of that body in the railroad back tax case. Here what he says in the Carolinian in his review of the work of the Legislature: "It has been charged by some that we oppressed the W. & W. Railroad Company. I am sure they, the railroad, do not so regard it. They, the railroad, came forward and showed a most commendable spirit in respect to settling this long vexed question." This reminds us of how we used to manage our little brother. We would get to playing and he would get hurt and begin to cry, and all we had to do was to pretend we were hurt worse than he, and it would at once pacify him, and he would begin to laugh. This is Mr. Battle's idea. He knows the masses are going to cry two years from now, and he is trying the experiment of pretending that there are some who are saying, "we oppressed the railroad company." If there are any outside of those who are directly under the influence of the railroad who claim that it was oppressed, we have got to hear from them after now. The complaint comes altogether from the other side. The "oppression" was the other way. He further says: "After the decision of the United States Supreme Court it would have been a pusilanimous thing if the representatives had surrendered the fruits of that victory. No one expected them to do it." Most assuredly no one, not even the railroad company itself expected them to do it. It would have been pusilanimous indeed, and there is rather more pusilanimousness than their ought to be in their surrendering as much of that victory as they did surrender. This fake is too thin, Mr. Battle. If the members have no harder job in the future than defending themselves from oppressing the railroad company, who, according to your own say so, do not regard themselves oppressed, then they, indeed, may consider themselves lucky.

WHAT WILL AMERICA BE IN 1993?

Since Columbus discovered the New World there has not been in any country such rapid progress in wealth and material development as in the United States during the past forty years. There has also been notable evolution of ideas looking to social reforms. The thought of this wonderful growth, just as we are preparing to take its measures by the biggest exposition the world has ever seen, naturally leads to the query What will America be in 1893? That is the question the American Press Association has propounded to some of the most prominent men and women of the time, and their answers, prepared with thoughtful care, have been arranged for publication in leading newspapers. We have arranged to publish these answers. The first installment appeared in week's before last issue. Look out for them each week.

WOMEN IN WYOMING.

Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Wyoming, That the possessson and exercise of suffrage by the women in Wyoming for the past quarter of a century has wrought no harm and has done great good in many ways; that it has largely aided in banishing crimes, pauperism and vice from this State, and that without violent or oppressive legislation; that it has secured peaceful and orderly elections, good government and a remarkable degree of civilization and public order, and we point with pride to the fact that nearly twenty-five years of woman suffrage not one county in Wyoming has a poorhouse, and our jails are almost empty, and crime, except that by strangers in the State, almost unknown, and as the result of experience we urge every civilized community on the earth to franchise its women without delay.

Resolved, That an authenticated copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Governor of the State, to the Legislature of every State and Territory in the country, and to every legislative body in the world, and that we request the press throughout the civilized world to call the attention of their readers to these resolutions.—Daily Call.

We publish the above by request, without comment. We will say this, however, we do not know that female suffrage in the South would be best, but we are far from saying that the fair sex in North Carolina could not, or would not vote as intelligently as the men do. In fact, if they did not vote with more intelligence and more right than many of the men do, it is about time for the devil to step in and close his mortgage.

JANUARY 28TH AND APRIL 13TH.

On January 28th the gold-bugs and monopolist up North, who are masquerading as Democrats, met to celebrate "Old Hickory" Jackson's birthday They made speeches praising the old hero, while in their hearts they hate his pure democracy. In an editorial we exposed their hypocracy at the time. We now see it announced that they will celebrate the birthday of Thomas Jefferson on April the 13th, which is to-day. The idea of monopolists and national bankers celebrating the birthdays of Democrats like Jefferson and Jackson, who were bitterly opposed to the very crimes they are to-day committing in the name of Democracy! Will any of the speakers on that occasion quote and endorse the following:

Shall the currency of the country be legal tender issued and its volume controled by the Government, or shall it be non-legal tender issued and controlled by banking corporations?—Andrew Jackson.

Or the following:

The question has been asked, and ought to be looked at, what is to be the recourse if loans cannot be obtained? There is but one—"Carthago delenda est." Bank paper must be suppressed and the circulating medium must be restored to the nation to whom it belongs. It is the only fund on which they can rely for loans; it is the only recourse which can never fail them, and it is an abundant one for every necessary purpose. Treasury bills bottomed on taxes, bearing or not bearing interest, as may be found necessary thrown into circulation will take the place of much gold and silver which last, when crowded, will find an efflux into other countries, and thus keep the quantity of medium at its salutary level. Let banks continue, if they please, but let them discount for cash alone or for treasury notes.—Thos. Jefferson.

They will not, for they don't believe in such Democracy. But the bulk of the Democratic South does. Will such honest men, and there are over 50,000 of them in North Carolina who believe in that kind of pure Democracy, continue to sacrifice their principles and follow the eastern mugwumps and gold-bugs, or will they join with the people in a fight for honest government.

The plutocrats are satisfied with things as they are, the people are not. If the plutocrats were suffering an extra session of Congress would be called at once.

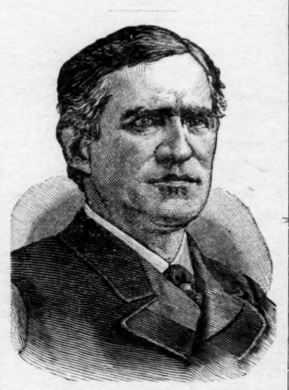
The dishonesty and deception practiced by the Eastern goldbugs to prejudice the silver cause is illustrated by the following figures read by Villard before the New York chamber of commerce and sent broadcast to bankers and boards of trade east and west. Silver is quoted as a commodity at so much per ounce. There has been purchased by the treasury:

	Ounces.	Cost.
Under the Bland act of 1878	287,474,762	$305, 135,497
Under the Sherman act of 1890	129,926,735	127,237,510
Totals	418,401,497	$432,372,907
Market val. of the lot Jan. 25, '93.		351,457,357
Loss to the government		$80,916,650
Average yearly loss (more than)		5,000,000

The silver purchased by the government under the Bland act was for coinage, and as there is said to be only 70 cents worth of silver in a dollar, the government made a large profit instead of suffering a loss. When the silver now accumulated in the treasury is coined the government will realize at least $50,000,000 clear profit. Why don't the goldbugs tell the truth?

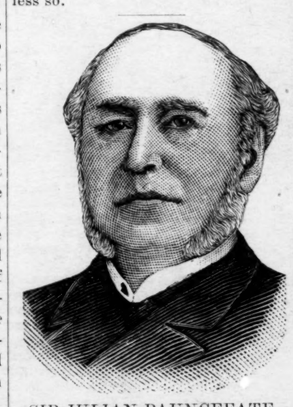
THE AMBASSADORS,

BAYARD, OF UNITED STATES, AND PAUNCEFATE, OF ENGLAND.



THOMAS F. BAYARD,
Ambassador, Court of St. James.

Mr. Bayard has gained the honor of becoming the first American Ambassador and has received the mission in London. The nomination is a recognition of the courtesy shown us by England in promoting Sir Julian Pauncefate to the rank of Ambassador. He was born on the 29th of Oct. 1828. He was elected to the U. S. Senate in 1869 from the State of Delaware. He was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1880 and again in 1884. He was defeated both times by the Jackson Democrats in the convention on account of his pronounced views against greenback and in favor of the national banking system and a gold standard. But Cleveland has proven to be no less so.



SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFATE,
British Ambassador to the U. S.

Sir Julian is the first Ambassador who ever was accredited in Washington; as such he will have precedence above all the other Ministers from foreign countries. Until now Signor Romero, from Mexico, was the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps of the Capital.

Be it resolved that "free silver coinage as a cardinal principle of the party, and that we condemn Mr. Cleveland's antagonism to it, and pronounce his hostile attitude and encroachments upon the right of congressman to the expression of their convictions free from presidential intimidation, as at war with the spirit of democracy and in conflict with the plrtfoim upon which he was elected."—Democratic Convention, Denver, Col.

The Mother and the Aunty of Monopoly.

Mr. Bissell, Mr. Cleveland's Postmaster-General, is the president of several railroads and monopolies connected with the Reading combine. Anti-monopoly, you know!

Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior, is interested in a National bank and a railroad. Anti-monopoly, you know!

Mr. Olney, Attorney-General, is attorney for five or six of the biggest railroad monopolies in the country.

Dan Lamont, Secretary of War, is president of a street railroad combine and monopoly in New York city. Oh it is anti-monopoly, you know!

Yes, yes! the incoming administration is Auuty monopoly—that is while it isn't the mother of monopoly it is the Aunty of all it can cover with its benign wing.—Liberator (Wash.)

EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPTS.

According to the partisan Democratic papers a partisan is one who has strong faith in one of the old parties.

A farmer is a curse to his family who votes for less money, when he can't pay his debts and educate his children.

If you want to find out what is the matter with this country straighten up and feel in your pockets and the mystery will surely be solved.

What will the "disinterested visiting statesman" get from the Cleveland pie counter? Or will the Wilmington & Weldon railroad have to provide for him?

If you want all American farmers to become paupers, demonetize silver, borrow money at 8 per cent interest, give mortgages on homes, and the thing is done.

A Democrat writes that he thought we ought not to have said what we did about Gov. Railroad Carr. If the Governor didn't say "me too," we will gladly make the correction. Who will inform us?

Do you remember hearing Jarvis (that was before he became a "disinterested visiting statesman,") howling on the stump about the Radical "gougers" and "gagers?" He won't say it any more.

For thirty-two years the Democrats have not had a chance, they say. Then why not call an extra session of Congress at once and undo some of the infamous wrongs committed by the Republican party?

Do you remember Vance's "long, red-legged grasshopper," which he used to take around on campaigns in a bottle? Wonder if the Democrats will use this mode of warfare in the next campaign? Or by that time will they be converted as to the features of the "infernal" Revenue?

Watch the Federal appointments that Ransom is manufacturing. He is laying his plans to be re-elected United States Senator. In addition to the Government money voted for cleaning out creeks, branches and mud-holes, the public pap is now to be used for electioneering schemes.

The partisan Cleveland organs are now saying that Cleveland must attend to the appointments is the reason he hasn't time to call an extra session of Congress. Which is the most important, to call an extra session to change the bad laws and give all the people relief, or to let all the people suffer while he quenches the thirst of hungry office-seekers?

Why is it that Cleveland does not call an extra session of Congress to repeal "the infamous acts of the Republican party" and enact laws in the "interest of the great common people?" We understand that the Congressmen are drawing their $14 a day (now $18 a day since they voted to increase their pay) and they pocket this whether they are at work or not.

TOO HARD ON THEM.

(Correspondent The Caucasian.)

MR. EDITOR.—You are too hard on congressmen for increasing their salary to $6.200. Most of them did an extra twelve hundred dollars worth of lying in the last campaign. And surely you don't expect them to work day and night trying to get their office-seeking constituents "fixed" for a paltry five thousand. do you. F. J.

Pitt county.

"New Occasions."

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of Truth."

New Occasions, a magazine of politics and economics, will appear in May. It will be edited by B. F. Underwood, for many years editor of the Boston Index and later of the Open Court, and will be published by Charles O. Kerr & Company, of Chicago, who after May first will be located at 175 Monroe street. Articles will appear in early numbers from Dr. Lewis G. James, Dr. Edward Montgomery, Mr. C. Staniland Wake, Mr. C. C. Church and other specialists. The editor and publishers of New Occasions believe profoundly in the present need of reforming the social conditions which deprive the worker of his just earnings, and while New Occasions commits itself to no one panacea, it will offer a free platform for all who have some particular suggestion to make, and can put it into concise and forcible form. There are enough high priced magazines of social science: New Occasion will compete with none of these, but will be offered at ten cents a copy or one dollar a year, in order to reach the great mass of thinking farmers and workingmen.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

ABOUT SALARIES OF CONGRESSMEN.

The Legislature—We Know a Good thing When we See It.

WADE, Cumberland county N. C. April 1, 1893.—EDITOR CAUCASIAN, Dear Sir:—About a year ago I heard a prominent Democrat of this (Black River) Township, say that the salaries of Senators and Congress members were too much, that Congress should at once reduce the salaries to $2,500 a year. He among the few of the township voted the so-called Democratic ticket last November. We wonder what he now thinks of the Democratic (?) Congress increasing their pay $1,200 a year. We have not yet heard of a single man expressing himself as regreting voting the Populist ticket, they say they will do it again, but we have heard of several who voted the so-called tickets say they will not do it again, but will vote for Molly and the baby next time.

Well, the North Carolina Legislature done their sowing in the months of January and February of this year, and we feel sure they will reap a reward they richly derserve the latter part of next year.

Most of the people of this section know a good thing when they see it. Many have seen THE CAUCASIAN and say it is the best paper in the State. Several have already subscribed and many others will With many good wishes for THE CAUCASIAN'S future success.

Yours truly,
J. C. BAIN.

How is it Now?

Oh Mr. Democrats where are we at? During the campaign of 1892 the popular song of the Democratic press was, "We love Grover Cleveland for the enemies he has made." Will the Democrats of this year of grace 1893 help to sing that song? Grover Cleveland has made enemies of the men who worked hard to elect him. Grover Cleveland has repudiated his friends. has proved traitor to men, politicians who stood true to him.

Yours kindly,
J. N. M.

Concord, N. C. Mch. 30, '93.

Washington County.

THE CAUCASIAN is the best paper published in North Carolina according to my judgment.

W. M. BATEMAN.

CAN'T SPELL TURKEY.

A Little one Horse Editor "Goes Foot" at a Spelling Match.

HADLEYS MILLS, N. C., March 29th 1893.—MR. EDITOR.—About the time that the last legislature convened the Chatham Record seemed to take great pleasure in giving publicity to the false report that Mr. A. M. Self, one of the representatives from Chatham, could not write his name; and when a letter containing many misspelled words and pretending to have been written by Mr. Self was published in the Sanford Express, the Record, apparently with much eagerness to expose the defects in spelling, copied it. Recently some ladies in the town of Pittsboro got up a "spelling bee" for the benefit of the Methodist parsonage in which Mr. A. H. London, editor of the Record, participated. When the word "turkeys" was given him to spell he said "t-u-r-k-i-e-s," and of course was told to retire. I understand that arrangements are being made to have another "bee" soon and Mr. Self has been sent for to spell against Mr. London. Wagers are being offered that Mr. Self will win, but as yet no one has been found to take the wagers.

PHOENIX.

From Wire Grass Region of Georgia.

MOULTRIE, Ga., March 20th 1893. MR. EDITOR.—I have seen one copy of your valuable paper, I like the manner in which you down the monopoly, I hope you will have good success and do much good in the cause of poor down trodden man. Mr. editor, please send me one copy of your valuable paper 6 months. I am a wire grass boy, but I love to hear the truth. I hope that God will bless you Mr. editor and help you to hold forth the truth as it is.

J. S. BALDY.

Cabarrus County.

CONCORD, N. C., March 27th 1893.—The Cabarrus county Alliance will meet at Mt. Gillead, (instead of at the court house) on the 10th and 21st of April (instead of 13 and 14.) Mr. Butler will be present to deliver an address on the first day. The brethren are urged to be present to hear the address. a good time expected.

J. B. WHITE.
President.

Anson County.

Jno. W. Pratt, Morven, N. C., says: You print the best paper in the State. Will send in more names soon.

REFORM.

The time has come when men with hearts and brains
Must rise and take the misdirected reins
Of government, too long left in the hands
Of tricksters and of thieves. He who stands
And sees the mighty vehicle of State
Hauled through the mire to some ignoble fate,
And makes not such bold protest as he can,
Is no American.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The Dekota Ruralist One Year For $1.00.

The Dakota Ruralist is one of the pioneer Alliance papers of the northwest. It is edited by H. L. Loucks, president of the National Farmers' Alliance and Industral Union, with J. R. Lowe, president of South Dakota Alliance, as associate editor, which is a sufficient guarantee that it will be a stalwart advocate of the Alliance demands.

We have made special arrangements whereby we will furnish THE CAUCASIAN and the Ruralist for $1.75 per year.

A RIGHT TO QUIT WORK.

The labor world is again being disturbed by a most remarkable decision rendered by Judge Ricks, of Ohio, in the case of the Toledo Ann Arbor and Michigan railroad corporation against their employees.

A refusal on the part of the road to grant more pay for extra work done by the employees has precipitated the trouble. P. M. Arthur, Chief Engineer, it is alleged, issued an order to the Brotherhood of Engineers to refuse to handle freight on this road. The men immediately quit work, and the railroad appealed to the court to restrain Arthur from issuing orders or in any way interfering with the men in their employ.

Judge Ricks, in obedience to the request of the railroad, ordered Arthur into court to show cause why he interfered in behalf of the employee. The court held (the most extraordinary and usurpatory decision we ever heard of) that as the railroads are common carriers used for public benefit that the railroad employees are "quasi" public servants and cannot quit work when they wish to, in order to force an adjustment of the difference between themselves and the corporation. Unless there is an equitable and satisfactory adjustment, to both sides, the future holds within the grasp many serious difficulties of this character which may materially affect the public welfare.

As long as railroad corporations are permitted to place on the bench their henchmen to interpret the laws in their favor then the laboring people need not expect justice.

To deny the employees the right to quit work when they see fit, is to take from them their most sacred privilege, their freedom, their liberty.

This case is without precedent or parallel. It is revolutionary, and meant to destroy the rights of the laboring people.

There never will be perpetual peace between the railroads and the men who operate them until the roads are owned and operated by the Government. This question is a fruitful one for discussion at this time.

The action of Judge Ricks only makes it more necessary for the railrsads to be taken out of the control of combinations. The employees need not expect justice as long as the roads are owned by corporations who dictate who shall preside over the courts when their interests are involved.

If the railroad Judge holds that the men haven't the right to quit work, he should hold also that the roads haven't the right to discharge their men unless they are willing to surrender their position.

JAMES B. EUSTIS,
Minister to France.

James B. Eustis, who has been named as Minister to France, was Mr. White's predecessor as a Senator from Louisiana, and is a native of that State; about 59 years of age and possesses legal ability of the highest order. During the Civil War he served on the Staff of General Joe Johnson and afterwards resumed his law practice at New Orleans. He was a prominet figure during the reconstruction era in Louisiana, having been one of the committee which came to Washington to confer with Andrew Johnson on the subject. He served two terms in the U. S. Senate, his services expiring in 1891, since which date he has been engaged in the practice of his profession. He is well equipped for his post; is a man of high culture, is very wealthy, speaks French fluently and was, during his services in the Senate, a very prominent member of the committee on Foreign Relations. As is well known he married into the family of the Washiagton millionaire and philantrophist, W. W. Corcoran, but is now a widower with two grown sons and one married daughter.

The silver fight in the British parliament is getting to be red hot. The bimetallists are in all the political parties and they threaten to break or disarrange political lines. Mr. Harrison and his friends, Rothschild and Sherman, did more good than they intended in calling that Brussels monetary conference.

PAUL VAN DERVOORT

Sends Out An Official Letter.

HEADQUARTERS, NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL LEGION OF U. S. A.

CIRCULAR NO. I.

The Legions springing into existence in all parts of the Union, must be recruiting stations of the People's Party. They must devise ways and means to interest members so strongly that none will fail to attend each meeting. Have live measures discussed by good speakers, not permitting lengthy speeches only from those especially invited to occupy the evening. Have joint debates on questions of local and national interest, make special provisions to interest the young members of the order; have them furnished music, read essays, deliver declamations, recitations, enlist recruits, and thus learn from the beginning the prominent part they are to take in the work of the Legion.

Give the women a large place in the work, in providing entertainments, in devising ways to build up a fund for campaign work. Utilize their services in every way possible, and encourage them to feel that they have a large share in the great work.

Discourage anarchist sentiments, disobedience to the law, overriding the will of the majority, appeal to lynch law, and invite no speakers of that class, nor tolerate wild-eyed fanaticism a mong the members. We seek, by peaceful means, the ballot and repeal of obnoxious laws, the end we desire. We mean to win by honest means, and will not resort to bribery, ballot-box stuffing, false counts, fraudulent rejection of votes, intimidation, or any of the countless methods used by the old parties to accomplish their ends.

But we must become so strong that we can prevent such terrible crimes from being perpetrated. Our lack of organization was fully shown in Kansas; there in a State where we polled 150,000 votes we were ridden over by the iron hand, and men sworn to defend the State joined the mob and refused to execute the command of the Governor and rightful commander-in-chief of the militia.

The Legion must make the law supreme. They must protect the ballot, see that a fair count is had, and the result declared honestly. See to this at all hazards. We must reform at the ballot-box or the republic will be destroyed.

To accomplish the results named above we must have a Legion in every voting precinct. Ten devoted men can insure the scanctity of the ballot at each box. We can organize these Legions, but not by lying down supinely and permitting the enemy to walk over our sleeping bodies. Not by fearing that the Legion will take the place of some other order, not by waiting until the election of '94 is upon us, but by uniting in one grand effort in every locality in the nation now.

The 1,000,000 voters last fall are the vidette of the mighty army that will win victory in '96. To gain that result we must increase our vote to at least 2,000,000 in 94. To do that we must organize, build up strengthen, and recruit. Wherever the Legion has been planted it has at once demonstrated its peculiar fitness for this exact period in the history of the People's party.

Before it is a week old in any community it shows vigor, discipline and is at once eager for the fight. California is ablaze with enthusiasm. The earnest Gillespie puts in a Legion every day. The regular State Conference held at Sacramento on March 11th, and participated in by members of all industrial orders, almost unanimously endorsed it as the very best method of political organization, and at the meeting of the Oregon State Alliance, held a few days since, a resolution was unanimously passed endorsing the Legion and asking each county to recommend the name of a suitable person to be commissioned as a county recruiting officer.

No organizer must take a commission unless he means to plant it everywhere he can reach in his territory Every one who has tried has succeeded. We must have earnest, fervent work from each man holking a commission. No drones in the Legion hive. Our doors are wide open and the back stairs greased to permit traitors to slide hastily from view. We have no secrets, no ritual, no oath. We are as open as the day and mean to march in the bright sunshine.

Certain men claiming to hold unexpired patents on all movements of the people are trying covertly and craftily to prevent the Legion from being organized. It is needless to mention them, but the grand work will go on. The people's movement cannot be stopped by mortal man. Political revolution is in the air The "Stuffed Prophet" who expects to even gain a third term by the union of all the gold bugs and plutocrats in both old parties is opposed to the Industrial Legion. His cohorts are organized. We must be, or the "Jugernaut" will roll over us, and human liberty will die, and the poor will be chattel slaves and serfs. Would you be delivered then?

Let the blazing torch of education shine on every path, illumine every house. Our appeals will touch the great throbbing heart of all men and women not utterly turned to stone. Let each Legion at once have a library and reading room wherever it can be done; let all contribute a little. Even the widow's mite may save her little ones, bereft of father's care, from a life of gloom. Individual effort is what counts. Each member must gain one vote for the party; each man, woman, all the young must do something. Take a paper, book, a word with soul in it, and drop all in the boundless sea of discontent, and the waves will roll over the two old parties, and the people will rule, and the power of Wall street and dominion of Shylocks will end. We must build up, and that speedily, or night will come, when no man can work for freedom, because liberty will be lost.

The old Dominion State, the mother of Presidents, has a State election this fall, and under the call of a host of patriotic men, whose names have ever been held in honor in the grand commonwealth, a herculean effort will be made to win victory for our party. Start as soon as possible in every Legion a Virginia fund.

The home of Thomas Jefferson is owned by a Jew, who has changed his name to Jefferson. Let us rescue the State! It is the great important work of all this year, and victory must be won. The old party leaders are dismayed. The Republican party is paralyzed. In its ranks grand men who believe we are right. We must win them. Recruit all along the line. The humblest and poorest can give a vote or win a vote. The missionary spirit must fire our hearts.

The Democratic party must be stormed in every citadel. They made promises all over the nation they will never redeem. Cleveland and his Cabinet represent in person all the great corporations and trusts in the nation. He means to be the Czar of this land—he sends his dictates to Congress even before he assumes control. His imperial edicts roll forth on the ears of a long suffering people day after day. He and his party must be crushed and crumbled, and every alert member must contribute to that end. Let us rally on old "Virginia's shore," and redeem the fair land that gave us Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe.

The Legions of Rome conquered the World. A solid phalanx of Industrial Legions from ocean to ocean, from gulf to gulf, will redeem our enslaved people from the throttling hand of the money power.

I call the attention of the People's party everywhere to the following request of the National People's party Executive Committee:

LEND A HELPING HAND.

We kindly request that the People's party State, county and local committee in every State in the Union do all in their power and lend a helping hand to organize the Industrial Legion. Push the organization into every State, county, precinct and school district in the land.

H. E. TAUBENECK, Chairman.
J. H. TURNER, Secretary,
M. C. RANKIN, Treasurer.

Yours truly,
PAUL VANDERVOORT,
Com-in-Chief.

EASTERN CAROLINA TRUCKER'S ASSOCIATION.

Business Arrangements—Important to Truckers.

[Special Correspondent.]

FAISOM, N. C., March 31, 1893.

Pursuant to an adjourned meeting the Eastern North Carolina Trucker's Association met at this place to-day. Most of the shipping points were represented.

The report of the Committee on Transportation was submitted, which culminated in the Associations adopting the proposition of the Express Company to run a regular freight train. The day of the month and hour of leaving Wilmington to be controled by the Association Committee on Transportation. The charges for these services to be $1.35 per crate. This train to arrive on time in New York and about three hours sooner than the passenger train. The refrigerator cars will hold to old rates of $164 per crate to New York.

Committee to confer with "The Fruit and Produce Trade Association," of New York, submitted a long report from the Association, the purport of which is that the Association have resolved and reresolved that they will not buy any berries in returnable crates. After a thorough discussion of this report this Association resolved not to ship any berries to any market or commission merchant who would neither pay for nor return standard crates.

No other business before the Association it was adjourned sine die.

W. J. HILL, Pres't.
H. J. FAISON, Sect'y.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRES.

A Negro Steals $300 and is Arrested.

(Special to THE CAUCASIAN)

MINGO, Sampson Co., N. C., April 3rd, 1893.

HON. M. BUTLER, Goldsboro, N. C.—Dear Sir: On Saturday, 1st inst., fire broke out about one mile from Antioch church, in Cumberland county, burned to the church and burned the church, doing much damage to plantations and turpentine trees; crossed Black river below Starling's bridge, reaching about four miles to near Giles' mill in Sampson, doing considerable damage. Another fire started near Wades Station, I am informed, and burned to Black river, a distance of about eight miles, doing much damage; burned Mr. Martin D. Demming's stables and barn and 3 mules. Another broke out in Harnett, one and a half miles from Dunn, doing considerable damage.

One day last week a negro, named David McDonald, entered the dwelling of David McAlister and carried off $300. He was arrested and confined. Mr. McAlister got all his money but $19, which the negro had spent.

If you can conveniently, give a digest, or the substance of the bill passed by the Legislature to encourage the killing of hawks. MINGO.

HAYSEEDER "RODRICK" AFTER SENATOR COOPER.

He Calls Upon the Senator to Deny What He Had to Say About Him If He Can.

[Special to The Caucasian.]

BIG BLUE SWAMP, N. C.

We suppose that Senator F. R. Cooper says that "Rodrick" has been making "personal flings" at him, and he doesn't like it. If we have used his name but twice we don't remember it. We stand ready to substantiate and defend anything we have said in THE CAUCASIAN. If Mr. Cooper will say that we cut at him in any other paragraph in which we did not use his name, and will mention the paragragh and substance of same, we will make an explanation.

What was it that the Democrats said they put a tag on and sent off last January? We have most forgotten it. It was something, for we heard them speak of it.

RODRICK.

THE CAUCASIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THU"SDAY.

MARION BUTLER, Editor & Propr.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ONE YEAR, - - - - - - - - - $1.00
SIX MONTHS, - - - - - - - - - 50

[Entered at the Post Office at Goldsboro', N. C., as second-class mail matter.]

The Editor has been away so much for the past week, that he has not been able to prepare the next installment of the election law. It will be continued in next week's issue.

The talk of the Democratic press about making the pension list "a roll of honor" will probably amount to nothing more serious than an attempt to make it a roll of Democratic voters. The taxpayers need not grow extravagant expecting any saving along this line.

The Atlanta Constitution, after its labor of electing Cleveland is over, has again set up its post-election howl for free coinage, more money, and less taxes. The Constitution is making itself famous by writing very sensible articles and voting very silly ballots.

It is rumored around that "offensive partisanship" may be a valid excuse with the new administration for removing Republican officials. If the administration admires consistency it will not appoint an "offensive partisan" to displace an "offensive partisan." It is barely possible that the man who hollered the loudest may miss the office.

The Legislature failed when it tried to cripple the Alliance by attempting to stop lecturing. The brethren all over the State see the mean and partisan purpose, so they are offering to pay the expenses of lecturers. If the Legislature had had the power it would probably passed a law prohibiting Alliance papers from circulating through the mails.

Prof. Plummer claims that there are trees at the foot of Mt. Tocoma which are 650 feet high. It is thought that Mr. Cleveland will soon take refuge up one of these trees to escape the hungry horde who are now beseiging him for office. Ten million "Original Cleveland men" have already applied and the cars to Washington are still crowded.

Last fall we labored under the delusion (produced by the Democratic press) that all the office-seekers had gone into the People's party. After sparing several hundred thousand of these office-seekers the Democratic party still has enough on hand to materially block the business of the new administration. What a hive of office-seekers the old party must have been!

The Kansas Free Press says: "A Republican exchange devotes a great deal of space to show that its party is growing better, and adds it ought to be getting better it is dying." Its quite fashionable "now a days" to speak reverently of the dead, and it is not an unusual thing to hear devils in life pronounced saints after death. It would not surprise us to hear it said of the defunct Republican party that it was not so bad after all.

NOTICE!

Every week we receive invitations to address Alliance meetings, Unions and Pic-Nics. The work in my office is so heavy that it is no little sacrifice to the paper and my business to leave. But where expenses are guaranteed I will make appointments for Dr. Thompson, the State Lecturer. He is now in the western part of the State on a lecturing tour and the Lodges desiring his services in that section should notify me.

M. BUTLER, Pres't N. C. F. S. A.

THE CREED OF MODERN DEMOCRACY.

If the following Democratic creed is not correct we will cheerfully revise it:

All men who oppose Democracy are office-seekers and demagogues.

The Democratic party is absolutely right. Therefore any means employed to keep it in power are necessarily righteous.

If the Democratic party blunders we should remember that no human organization can be perfect. If the other party blunders we should expose its unholy designs against American manhood.

Whatever the party demands must be right and just, for it has always been infallible.

Whatever policy Mr. Cleveland pursues is right (notwithstanding our previously conceived ideas to the contrary) and we have the loftiest contempt for the man who dares to oppose with his puny intellect the wisdom if so great a statesman.

The News and Observer, apparently with great satisfaction, announces that the Kansas city Times, formerly a free silver advocate, has flopped into the Cleveland gold-bug ranks. It would be interesting reading if the News and Observer would inform the public just where it stands on this question. Has it, too, humbled itself before the golden calf?

COTTON GOING DOWN.

IS CLEVELAND DEAD OR IS HE OFF DUCK HUNTING?

HAYSEEDER "RODRICK" WANTS TO KNOW AND THE PEOPLE ARE WITH HIM.

What is the Matter With Third Party Folks--What the W. and W. R. R. Messenger Thinks of its Own Editorials--That Delayed Celebration--That Famous and Infamous Legislature--Intellectual Slavery--The Man Who Would Die for His Party.

We are frequently asked why we were in the Democratic party previous to this if it be wrong. Why we were then like those who ask such questions are now, we didn't know any better.

* * *

Why don't the partisan sheets come out like men and tell the people whom (the politicians and editors of such sheets) consider honest men? They commend only those who have no convictions of their own and who are the willing tools of politicians and will steal votes or do any thing else for the Democraric party.

* * *

We heard a man say the other day that he would die for his party. We would guess such a man as this would be willing to do but very little for so trivial a thing as his principle.

* * *

Who are the most serville intellectual slaves of the age? Southern Democrats because they declare for one thing this week and next week at the behest of Grover Cleveland or Wall street, they say it won't do.

* * *

We heard a Democrat remark the other day that he didn't know what in the —— had gotten into these Third party people. We can tell him what has gotten into them. A knowledge of what the legislature did, a knowledge of what both Democratic and Republican Congresses have done, a knowledge of what Cleveland and the Democratic administration expects to do has gotten into them. That is what has gotten into these Third party folks.

* * *

We notice that Rev. Dr. Kingsbury, L. L. D. of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad Messenger said not long since that the Sampson Democrat is the best paper that was ever published in Sampson county. Read the Democrat and you will very readily see why the "Great I Am" said so. Most of the Democrat is copied from the Messenger.

* * *

Do you see any thing going the rounds of some little sheets that would make any thing that has a stomach sick? We saw an article in a little sheet some time since by a young chap that is noted a great deal more for his brass than for his brains. He assumes the right to tell the farmers how they should manage and the reason they are not prosperous, is that they don't manage well and don't work enough. We dare say that this chap never did a day's work on a farm in his life and that he never superintended a farm a day in his life. Isn't he a pretty adviser? Don't you think that a man should be a success in his own calling before thinks himself competent to advise men of other callings? Farmers have had enough advice from city dudes and professional street loafers. He winds up with the same old taffy that the farmers are the most independent people in the world. We would guess that since he has found out how little influence he and his little sheet have over them, that he does think that they are a very independent people.

* * *

As a conspicous example of some that never existed, we would respectfully call your attention to the wisdom of certain editors.

* * *

Why don't the Democrats Sampson county celebrate their victor? Did it take all of their spare money to buy it?

* * *

Why don't the Democratic papers tell the people that the legislature of 1893 spent $311,818,91 more of their money than did the legislature of 1891? Why don,t they tell the dear deluded people that the Democratic party of North Carolina, rather than bother the Attorney General of the State, who is paid by the State to attend to all such business as this, gave two lawyers $5,000 of the dear people's money to collect $7,500 from the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad Company? Why do they remain as dumb as oysters on such questions as these? Oh, we forgot, they are trying to keep these 3 party folks from fooling the people. They say that any man who tells these is a demagogue.

* * *

Where, O where is Mr. Cleveland? The price of cotton continues to go down. Is he dead or is he off duck hunting. They told us that his election put the price of cotton; then, O how unkind it was for him to go off and let the price of cotton go down again.

RODRICK.

THE PIC-NIC AT REEDS CROSS ROADS.

(To The Caucasian.)

I wish to say to the Alliance brethren every where that the pic-nic at Reeds X Roads, on the 25th of March, 1893, was a grand success. The people commenced gathering in by 9½ o'clock and they continued to come until afternoon; all things considered, there was a good crowd. We very much regretted that Bro. R. A. Wilson failed to come, and no doubt it was because of affliction, as he was suffering very much only a few days before, as he informed us by letter, and assured us of his love for and devotion to the Alliance cause. May the Lord restore his health, that he may long live to battle for the rights of the laboring people, which he is so well qualified to do.

I will say, however, that in good time many hearts were made glad by the arrival of our State Alliance President and champion of the people's rights, Hon. Marion Butler, who has never shown a white feather or a pale face in any of the many battles fought in the interest of the down-trodden and oppressed people, but in every contest he has showed himself master of the situation, regardless of who was his antagonist. How his enemies do dread him, and well they may, for he can show, as few men can, how political demagogues have been working against the people and in the interest of monopolias and trusts.

But the hour having arrived for the speaking to commence, Bro. Hunter, after some appropriate remarks, introduced Bro. Butler to the anxious crowd as the orator of the day.

Brother Butler then arose and addressed the crowd and the most of them almost spell bound for about 2 hours. He showed in a clear, forceable and masterly manner the importance of the organization of all laboring classes. That it is necessary in self defense, and they cannot afford not to organize.

We then had an intermission, during which time we feasted on the many good things the friends and Alliance sisters had prepared. And let it suffice for me to say that the dinner was all that the most delicate or craving appetite could desire, i. e. abundant and good.

The crowd was so delighted with Bro. Butler's address in the morning that they insisted that he must address us again in the afternoon. Like a hero and a true friend to the people, he consented to do so. Again we had a perfect feast that was enjoyed, not only by the Alliance brethren, but by many who do not belong to the Farmer's Alliance. It is true that there are always a few in almost every public gathering whose stomachs will hold far more than their heads, and it may be possible that there were a few of that class at the pic-nic at Reeds X Roads, but with very few exceptions indeed, the crowd was perfectly delighted, and I heard that some belonging to the two old political parties said, after the speaking closed, that "Bro. Butler made the best speech they ever heard." No doubt this was the verdict of about all present.

Well, as I cannot do Bro. Butler or the occasion justice, I will close by saying we look for an abundant harvest from the good seed sown by Bro. Butler at Reeds X Roads. May he long live to battle for the people's rights on the stump and by THE CAUCASIAN, one of the best papers now published.

GEO. E. HUNT.

NEWS AND COMMENT.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 6.—The Senate passed the bill yesterday conferring on the women of Arkansas the right of suffrage and making them eligible to membership on school boards.

And this in Democratic Arkansas! What will those campaign orators, who grew so red in the face last fall whenever they thought of woman suffrage, say to this? Can it be that the Democrats of Arkansas are so wicked as to drag the fair women of their State to the polls and place them on a level with the dirty cross roads politician?

An attempt was made by the President last week to throw the veil of secrecy over the appointments of the Post-Office Department. The cause assigned was that the newspapers were annoying the department by their flippant remarks concerning the appointments. It was discovered a few days before that an ex-convict had been appointed to a post-office in Indianna. The newspapers turned on the light and the President attempted to cut off the source of the light, but he was quickly overcome by the storm raised by the reporters. The strange rule lasted only six hours. "They love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil."

J. E. S.

A 3-year-old little girl was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with "and please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amusement may be imagined when she added "and you better keep an eye on mama too."

HERBERT MORTON OLNEY SMITH CARLISLE BISSELL LAMONT GRESHAM PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

A MEETING OF THE CABINET.

THE PRESIDENT'S AIDS.

The New Cabinet and Cabinets In Other Countries.

The accompanying picture shows a meeting of President Cleveland and his cabinet. The men who are consulting with the president, and who will carrry out his plans in their respective departments, are the following:

Walter Q. Gresham of Indiana, secretary of state.

John G. Carlisle of Kentucky, secretary of the treasury.

Daniel S. Lamont of New York, secretary of war.

Hillary A. Herbert of Alabama, secretary of the navy.

Hoke Smith of Georgia, secretary of the interior.

J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska, secretary of agriculture.

Wilson S. Bissell of New York, post master general.

Richard Olney of Massachusetts, attorney general.

They meet at stated intervals and whenever the president summons them to the White House. Washington originated the custom of consulting the heads of the various departments on all imporfant questions, and every president since has followed his example. The term cabinet was first used in England to describe the body of men who particularly enjoyed the sovereign's confidence, and who were considered to be his advisors.

There is a great deal of differene between cabinets abroad and in this country. If the French or English premier resigns, the cabinet is broken, and a new one must be formed. Such an event, too, shows that the premier and his cabinet are not backed by the favor of the country as ezpressed through the chamber of deputies or the house of commons, as the case may be, and means the fall of the existing government.

In America the secretary of state, who is virtually premier, or any other member of the cabinet may resign without causing a ripple of excitement, and each member holds his office regardless of what congress may think of his acts. The president alone has the power to appoint and to compel resignations. Abroad the cabinet is considered responsible for measures proposed, but here the president is the only one held accountable, and his cabinet officers are merely lieutenants who execute his commands, and whose counsel he receives if it meets his approval or rejects if it does not.

A cabinet crisis abroad shakes a nation, but the entire cabinet may resign here, if it so desires, and no upheaval will occur except in the newspapers. The members of the American cabinet cannot hold seats in congress, while those of the British cabinet must be newly elected to parliment before taking a portfolio.

WHAT WE HAVE HEARD

AND WHAT WE WITNESS HERE IN NORTH CAROLINA AND AT THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

STATE LECTURER THOMPSON ON ONE PHASE OF THE SITUATION.

CONGRESSIONAL SALARIES INCREASED.

Professed Love for the Farmers Developes Into Fool-Hardy and Pusillanimous Hate--The Sage of Duplin Roads and His Inconsistency--The Reed Congress Outdone--The Tariff Hobby in the Lumber Room.

The days of Jeffersonian simplicity are gone, and we live in a time of magnificent splendor. The chief magistrate of the nation no longer affects the sturdy plainness of the founders of the republic, but dazes the strict constructionist in our own land and rouses the quiescent fancy of the foreign representatives. Reading of the magnificent special palace cars of the presidential party, their splendid apartments costing $475 per day at the Arlington, and the royal grandeur of the inaugural ceremonies, you could hardly believe you were on this side the Atlantic, and if not roused from your reverie, you would have sworn you were not in the land of him who, suffering at Valley Forge and seeing daily the cruel snow stained with blood of unshod feet to establish a simple democracy, never dreamed of a day when "the contempt of our people for economy and frugality in their personal affairs deplorably saps the strength and sturdiness of our national character." But the times are changed, and we may not have another Washington of whom it can be said:

"Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
The brightest halo round the weakest heads,
Found *thee* undazzled, tranquil as before,
Proud to be useful, scorning to be more;
Less prompt at glory's than at duty's claim,
Renown the meed, self-applause the aim,
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
For less than all thou hast foreborn to be!"

We see a transition no less marked than from Solon to Pisistratus.

But there have been sharp transitions in all ages, and this is not the only instance that butts against the unsuspecting of to-day. Sir Thos. Wentworth said. "If I do not faithfully insist for the common liberty of the subject to be preserved whole and entire, it is my desire that I may be set as a beacon on a hill for all men else to wonder at!" and then, admitted to the Royal Council, he almost immediately promises "to vindicate the monarchy forever from the conditions and restraints of subjects." And even here in North Carolina, hitherto famed for the honesty and fairness of her elections, we have witnessed our ancient system of election changed to a system of counting. We have witnessed the friends of the Chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee urging him into notice for a cabinet position and then thankfully acquiescing in his promised appointment as Collector of Internal Revenue. We have witnessed double-extra Robbins elbowing the vice-President in his tour of this state, with the mad longing to secure in the Mexican mission an opportunity to talk Spanish to olive, soft-eyed women of the south, given only an opportunity to speak Spanish to the utter consternation of his neighbor. We have witnessed a great party which had attributed all evils to the tariff, suddenly relegate its hobby to the lumber-room, declaring that the question of silver is the paramount issue before the American congress. We have witnessed a white Democratic Legislature usurp as by force the negro's prerogative to talk 'possum. We have seen the oft-repeated love of the Democracy of North Carolina for the Farmers' Alliance—"if I forget thee, Oh, Jerusalem!"—turned suddenly into fool-hardy and pusillanimous hate. To our amazement we know that a Democratic Congress, elected largely by its emphatic characterization of Reed's billion dollar Congress, rose above that high-water mark of extravagance with the utmost equanimity. We have seen Democrats, lately mad with the joy of their victory, turned suddenly sick, as one who had swallowed flies, and confessing the People's party a living thing. Only last year we saw the Sage of Duplin Roads, fresh from poverty and his constituents, introducing into Congress a bill to reduce all federal salaries; and now we behold his name recorded among those who voted at the close of the session to allow each member as much as $100 a month for clerk hire—a virtual increase of his salary. Abrupt the transition, as Patrick remarked on reaching the ground. Consistency is a jewel, isn't it? But don't look for "a jewel in a swine's snout."

Every animal, it is said, is the physiological equation of its environments. The length of hair, tail and nose of the common piney-woods razorback will be wonderfully transformed if, in his daily walk and conversation, corn and good pastures are substituted for the succulence of pine roots and gallberries. It is a poor horse that will not show his keeping. The same is true of man. There may be a man in the moon, but he is not like us because his surroundings are different. A beggar afoot is one thing, a beggar on horseback is another,—this last, it is said, will ride to the devil. Pestilence and carnage put men on terms of familiarity with brutality and death. It matters not how refined a man's sensibilities, they may become blunted by constant contact with evil. These things being so by nature, who shall blame Mr. Grady,—or Mr. Bunn and Williams (who expects to unseat Mr. Settle)— for demonstrating, chameleon-like the hue of Washington City Democracy? Then, too, pledged to economize, as Democrats should, but failing because, as our legislature also took occasion to prove, economy is undemocratic, it is possible he felt bound to do something for the benefit of at least one of his constituents and to let him see with his own eyes how impossible it is to do something for all. The Dutch miller, in a fit of insanity, consigned to perdition all the like craftsmen of his acquaintance because they some times took too much toll. He cleared himself of the same crime on the ground that he "gave it all to the poor." Perhaps Mr. Grady may so excuse himself, remembering too, that charity begins at home. The time to make hay is when the sun shines. "Make unto yourselves friends of the unrighteous mammon, that when ye fail, they may receive you." Evidently *tempora mutantur et* Grady *mutatur in illis.*

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still aflying;
And these same flowers that bloom to-day
To-morrow may be adying!

C. THOMPSON.

DR. CYRUS THOMPSON,

State Lecturer of the North Carolina Farmers' State Alliance.

Will speak at the following times and places:

Bushy Hill, (Iredell County Alliance) Thursday, April 13th, 1893.
Catawba County Alliance, Friday, April 14th, 1893.
Taylorsville, (Alexander county) Saturday, April 15th, 1893.
Jefferson, (Ashe county) Monday, April 17th, 1893.

Other appointments to follow will be made in next issue.

Boone, Thursday, April 20th.
Lenoir, Friday, April 21st,

A Spanish Conspiracy Checked.

MADRID, April 8.—The government has discovered an alarming conspiracy of the anarchists at Xeres, evidently having for its object an insurrection against the authorities.

THE PERIL OF FRANCE

REV. THOMAS DIXON TAKES A BOOK FOR A TEXT.

France Presents to the World the Sad Spectacle of Intellectual Activity With Moral Decay—An Explosion Is Imminent—The Air Needs Purifying.

NEW YORK, April 2.—Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., devoted the sermon today to the discussion of the subject of modern cosmopolitan society as set forth in the French novel "Cosmopolis." He chose for the text:

Sin, when it is full grown, bringeth forth death.—James i, 15.

The book "Cosmopolis" is undoubtedly the latest masterpiece of French fiction. There is no doubt about its being a French book. It is very Frenchy. This brings us face to face with the fact that France today is flooding the world with filth. And this is a most important fact. It is a most significant fact. France is doing this through the drama and through the press. It is peculiarly significant because of the role which France plays in the history of civilization.

The French character is unique for its universality, and French civilization seems to be the atmosphere for an international propagation of ideas. France has been the storm center of Europe through the past century. It has been the barometer that has indicated the approach of political, social and economic storms. France has done a service to the world as an experimenter, as a pioneer, in a thousand wild theories. The reflex influence on European society and upon the world's life has been great. The stability of every government of Europe has been affected for a hundred years by the theories of French madmen. And some of them have been mad to good purpose.

France is now leading the way for a great social upheaval. The future of French society is exceedingly problematical. If French literature is an index of French life, and it cannot be doubted, Matthew Arnold is right when he says that the scepter of empire is passing from the France of today. No nation can worship impurity and revel in lust and not pay the penalty of a degenerate manhood and of corruption in the governing powers of civilization. The present France, if her literature be a true reflex of life, is as certainly doomed to death as that the universe is governed by law, not chance. "Sin, when it is full grown, bringeth forth death." The present social regime of France cannot last. There must be a new France, and the world is waiting in breathless expectancy for the next revolution.

FRENCH SOCIETY DISSECTED.

The book "Cosmopolis" is a merciless analysis of modern cosmopolitan society. The groundwork of the book is the idea of permanence in race. This is simply the basis on which the characters are built. The motive of the book is something entirely beyond the mere foundation work. In this book the author takes the world boldly into the dissecting room. But he cuts with a new purpose. Zola and the school of so called realists in France reveal disease and vice and nakedness because of their morbid interest. They revel in filth because they love it, and the result of their books is to instill the love for the vicious in those who read them. Not so with Bourget. He enters the dissecting room and uncovers the naked body, but with knife in hand he lays bare nerve and artery and diseased members. His analysis is thorough and searching, and his purpose is more than the mere display of diseased anatomy.

The impression one receives from this certainly is not inspiring. It excites in the soul of honesty and purity infinite loathing and disgust. It may be an open question in some minds as to whether this invasion of the dissecting room can result in any good. For my part, I feel if these things are facts it is time that society knew the facts. It is time that we made a diagnosis of the disease that affects it if we are ever to effect a cure. And, after all, true morality may owe a greater debt to France today than we have hitherto been inclined to acknowledge. I certainly would not ask the immature youth to read such a book, and yet the newsstands are flooded with French literature. The people to whom I speak are not children. With this species of literature you come in contact. The book under consideration is more than an average specimen of such literature. In one sense it marks the turning point in this class of French productions. Its purpose is higher and nobler than anything we have yet seen from the modern school of French writers.

What are some of the lessons which this book presents to the thoughtful mind?

First—That modern cosmopolitan society is rotten to the core. The atmosphere of this book leaves nothing to the imagination on this score. You feel instinctively the desire to hold your nose as you proceed. Theft, intrigue, adultery, bloodshed, are the elements of which the atmosphere are composed. And yet, though this be true, the question is, Is the book to the life—does such a society exist? I do not think that any man will seriously dispute for one moment that it is an accurate photograph of the society he seeks to portray. If it be a true picture, though it is a terrible one, it is worth your study. Facts are remorseless things, hideous, grim and horrible though they may be. If they are facts, we must face them. For my own part, I do not believe that such a book tells the half that might be told of this society. If its real life and real secrets were unfolded, the common world could not endure the revelation.

THE WHISPERED CONFESSION.

There is a cathedral in Sicily where the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great western dome to the cornice behind the high altar. The fact that a faint whisper could thus be carried 250 feet was discovered accidentally by a man who overheard the confession of a fair sinner. The secret was guarded by the discoverer and a few intimate friends to whom he confided it, while escapades of the most private nature became public property in the most mysterious way. Finally a listener had his curiosity more than satisfied by hearing his wife's confession to the priest and raised such a row that the secret became known, and the location of the confessional was changed to another part of the edifice.

Most of us are content to listen to these dark secrets from this world if they do not affect us personally. And yet the man who can live with such a philosophy is the lineal descendant of Cain, who asked the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" If these dark secrets about society that men tell us should be suppressed be true, I maintain that we should face the fact; that the only possible cure lies in fairly facing the facts.

This book and a thousand others portraying our modern cosmopolitan social world reveal a condition of brutality beneath a thin veneer of form and decency which is an appalling sign of the times. The very conversation of this world is the brutal and material discussion of each other's personality. The staple of the thought of this world, even among those who pretend to respectability, is criminal in its personal and slanderous accent. Rogers, the poet, won a reputation for caustic speech. He never entered this circle of society, in which the small beer of this personal gossip is the staple, without expressing his supreme disgust. "I wonder how the Blanks are able to keep a carriage?" a lady once said to him in his own house. He at once turned to a servant and said, "Go to Blank square with Mrs. Proctor's and my compliments and ask how the family contrive to pay for their carriage."

In this muck heap of degeneracy involved in this book the veneer is removed from our so called aristocracy. We see things as they are, and it is a sickening revelation. Men before us roll in wealth, and we are shown how they stole it. Men dressed in the latest costume of polite society live one life before the world, another life of adventure and of crime beneath the surface. Falsehood and chicanery is the atmosphere they daily breathe. The destruction of home and home life is a foregone conclusion. And yet incidentally we learn the fact, true to life, that right out in the book, that a lily may blossom in a dung heap.

In other words, we have recorded before us in these characters the fact that humanity is in itself intrinsically divine. The daughter of the highway robber of the Stock Exchange—Justus Hafner—is as pure as a saint. The daughter of this foul adventuress is the incarnation of honesty and purity. It is true to life. From the vilest of the vile, again and again, we behold the miracle of purity and honesty emerging in its highest and noblest developments. The truth is, man is made in the image of God. You may deface and mar and degrade the image in one life, it will rise triumphant toward the sun in the next. You may burn the image to ashes in the fires of ignoble passions, and phoenixlike the child will rise in the image of the eternal God.

A SPARK OF THE DIVINE.

Take your scrap of humanity wherever you find it, this divine characteristic is of its inherent nature. A poor little African boy was sold into slavery years ago. He was carried to the coast, and after varied experiences with masters found himself at work in a store at Lagos. He was thence shipped with other slaves to America. The vessel was captured by an English cruiser and carried its human cargo to Sierra Leone, where they were freed. The boy received an education in a mission school, was taught the trade of a carpenter. He was baptized in 1825, visited England at the age of 18 and returned as a student and afterward became a teacher in the Fourah Bay college. In 1841 he returned to England, after a period of study was ordained by the bishop of London and returned to the coast as a missionary. He was consecrated the first bishop of the Niger in Canterbury cathedral. The University of Oxford about the same time conferred on him the degree of doctor of divinity. He died in Lagos in December, 1891, a venerable man of God, scholarly, respected by the world.

In his journal he describes a meeting with his savage mother years after he received his education. He accidentally met her in the market place after a separation of 25 years. He says: "When she saw me, she trembled; she could not believe her eyes. We grasped each other, looking at each other with silence and astonishment. Big tears ran down her emaciated cheeks. She trembled as she held me by the hand, and called me by the familiar names by which I well remember I used to be called by my grandmother, who has since died in slavery. We could not say much, but sat still and cast now and then an affectionate look at each other—a look which violence and oppression had long checked, an affection which had been nearly extinguished by the long space of 25 years."

From a poor, ignorant, savage woman sprang the bishop of the Niger. From an evil wretch of an adventuress comes the child with pure mind, with unsullied heart, with the noblest aspirations. It is the miracle of humanity. It is the God in us that flashes out in spite of all its miserable surroundings. And yet upon this society the judgment of righteousness must be pronounced in unqualified condemnation, and such is the judgment of the common people, the people who believe in common honesty, in honor, in purity, in womanhood, in manhood. And as sure as there is a God in the heavens, as sure as truth is a reality, its day of wrath must come.

Second—That purity and honesty must prefer death to life in such a world, and this proposition the author has very clearly incarnated in his characters. There are only four characters in the book that are worthy to live. One of them seeks refuge in a monastery, the other flees in terror from the scene, another enters a convent, and the heroine commits suicide. It is inevitable that this should be the result. Honesty must prefer death to life in such a world. Fanny Hafner, when she realizes the facts of such a society, could not live in it. She buried herself in a convent. A light headed critic in referring to this book has said that the catastrophe at the end was illogical—that Alba Steno should never have committed suicide.

The man who wrote the criticism was evidently of this world and was incapable of understanding a real moral motive. It was inevitable from the very first that if the girl were true and pure she had but to see this society as it is and die. Such a life is the life of a brute. Humanity is divine. Humanity is intrinsically divine, and conscious of its origin and given the alternative between the return to the brute and the silence and uncertainty of death the soul prefers to dispense with the body and meet the unknown world. Such a life is a life in which the gospel of dirt, the philosophy of terms, dominates. It is the gospel of good clothes, good houses, good food well cooked. In such a world all men who have sense enough see that the end must be a tragedy.

MATERIALISM LEADS TO MADNESS.

Such men live as if this world with its matter were the sum total of human life. Tennyson once said: "If there be a God that has made the earth and put this hope and passion into it, it must foreshow the truth. If it be not true (that is, immortality), then no God, but a mocking fiend, created us, and I would shake my fist in his almighty face and tell him I cursed him. I would sink my head tonight in a chloroform handkerchief and have done with it all." So would any man that has any sense. If the elements of the brute are all that constitute life, suicide is the only logical end of sanity in such a world. In such a world every one that has sense enough must kill one's self. Those who have not sense enough to die continue to exist. Poor, miserable fools, they are only battling with death, to be conquered after the long, weary, hopeless struggle.

It is the old legend of the youth and the strange knight over again. The youth in armor encountered a strange enemy clad from head to foot in his coat of mail. They joined battle. They fought through days and weeks. The weeks lengthened into months, and still they fought. Seasons came and went, and still they fought. Years succeeded years, and still the relentless battle continued. The youth grew restless at last and wondered what sort of being was concealed behind the visor of his enemy. And still they fought, year after year, year after year. At length the youth stooped down at the brook one day to drink between the onslaughts. As he did he lifted his visor and saw to his amazement his face shadowed in the mirror of the water. He started with horror from the sight of his own face. He had grown to be an old, withered man. Lifting himself from the stream he turned to look at his enemy, who had also lifted his visor, and he saw in the mail the grinning head of a skeleton. He had been fighting death. He lives in such a world is mad. He must end themselves, as Tennyson thought. Suicide is a capital crime, and intellectual prostitution is the unpardonable sin. Dorsenne, as a character, is the incarnation of your modern French philosophy. The direct result of his life is madness. He had obtained the habit of sin for its own sake. It is a crime against nature. The flower is beautiful, we have the right to pluck it once and for all, the mystery of its workmanship is destroyed. We pluck a flower and tear it to pieces, and then, about to gloat over the death of the flower—this is to violate the inmost law of nature. Dorsenne knows the truth, but he does it not. If a man be unconscious of the light, he may be excused. If he will be blind, we cannot hold him responsible. But if a man know the truth and turn his face of knowledge and in the face of the right drift and trifle his soul away, there is no pardon.

A young man was released from prison in Georgia lately for whom the police are looking now eagerly. He came to Atlanta from Charleston, sold out all his money, sank into hopeless poverty, fell into evil ways of life, was arrested as a tramp and sent to the stockade. When liberated, he came to Atlanta to avoid Atlanta in the future. He wandered away, looking the picture of despair in his rags and misery. Long after his departure the newspapers, containing an account of his arrest, fell into the hands of his father in South Carolina. He immediately wrote to the authorities, asking to have his son released and sent home. The young man was gone; he was informed of the fact. The son had run away from home and the family were ready to forgive and welcome him back. Since he left he had become heir to a large property worth over $500,000. But he did not know of it. The father begged the police to find him and tell him. The son may not be responsible if in his wickedness and rags he wanders over the face of the earth heir to a fortune and not know it. But the man who was mad if the revelation of his wealth made to him and he preferred to wander in rags and poverty and die.

FRANCE LIABLE TO AN EXPLOSION.

Such is the present status of the mind of France. France knows that she has had a generation in the realm of science has done nothing. Dorsenne is the incarnation of the modern French mind. Its present attitude toward death is an anomaly—it is a crime. They play with the mysteries of the moral world. It is a dangerous pastime. It is a criminal act. A man in the southwestern part of the land had a dog which he had trained to bring him whatever he threw in the water. Early one morning he went to the pond near his plantation with a dynamite bomb, with which he intended to make a haul of fish in the pond. He lighted the fuse and threw the bomb in the water. He had failed to notice or forgotten that the dog had followed him.

In an instant the faithful brute plunged into the water, swam to the bomb, picked it and brought it ashore to place it at his master's feet. The man tried in vain to command the dog to drop the terrible missile. The dog showed the excellence of his training by clinging to it and refusing approaching the shore. The flash was seen and he took to his heels. The dog followed him. We had made a mistake. He could run more rapidly than he could swim, and the bomb in his mouth, the fuse burning, was a wild race for life to the water's edge. The dog gained every moment. The man was in despair. He knew that in a moment the bomb should explode, he would be blown to pieces. He reached the water's edge, and as he scrambled over just in time, for at the very instant the dog came to the foot of the bank the wall the bomb exploded with terrific force. The dog was blown to atoms. The man escaped with his life. France is a dangerous thing, it is a criminal thing to trifle with infinite mental powers, to trifling in the moral world. The result can only be the destruction of the trifler and, if not, surely the destruction of those who are around him.

Fourth—That such a society can only be unless born again. And that Christianity, with all the narrowness of its sectarianism, looms up in solemn grandeur when compared with the caricature of humanity. The one perfect figure of this book is the old pagan Marcus Aurelius Antonius. He would have Montfanon. He is narrow, bigoted, he would persecute, but he is a manly man; he is worthy to be loved, he has reverence; with all his severity he is gentle. To him life has a deeper meaning than the passing puppet show. There is something within his bosom, with all his limitations and deficiencies of character, a new life that redeems the world and makes it worth living in, with all its sorrows, with all its sin and all its darkness. The one redeeming impression of this book is the unbounded admiration which every one must carry away for this old figure. It is undoubtedly one of the motives of the book. No man who thinks can read the analysis of a godless modern society and not say when he has finished that salvation is in a new life in Christ. The French author has taught a truth by the necessary implication of the figure and the dramatic introduction of the supreme representative of Christianity in the world.

The man who reads this chapter in the modern world feels like clasping the hand of an honest friend—feels like coming closer to the old fashioned faith taught by Christian fathers and Christian mothers in old fashioned ways, even with all their narrowness and all their narrow views, for there is strength in bigotry, there is power in narrowness as a stream does gather strength in its narrow gorge. "Sin, when it is full grown, bringeth forth death." "Ye must be born again"—man and society.

A HUGE SHAFT TO RUN A WHEEL.

Bethlehem, Penn., (Special.)—The Bethlehem Iron Compady ships to-day the World's Fair yesterday the largest piece of steel ever forged in this country. It is 33 inches in diameter, 45 feet 2 inches long and weighs 89,320 ponds. This shaft will be used as the axle of the great Ferris wheel, 250 feet in diameter. It is the invention of G. W. Gale Ferris, of Pittsburg. The proposed this wheel is the large buggy-riding wheel, about fifty feet higher Coney Island. The Ferris wheel will be 264 feet high Suspended on it will be thirtysix cars, with a capacity of sixty passengers each. The entire structure is of steel. It somewhat resembles a huge bicycle wheel revolving perpendicularly between two steel towers. The passengers while enjoing their ride will be as safe as while in a railroad train. Arrayed in groups on the rods around the crown of the wheel will be incandescent lights of various colors, which will alternately be extinguished and relighted as the wheel revolves. To run this wheel there will be two linkmotion reversing engines of 2,000 horse power.

THE CAUCASIAN.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., APRIL 13, '93.

WAYNE COUNTY.

The remains of Mrs. E. Westcott, of Chapel Hill, was brought to the city, her former home, on yesterday for interment.

Asparagus is being shipped from Goldsboro, and if the weather continues favorable garden peas will be coming in a few days.

We have received a postal card from R. G. Koonce in regard to his and W. T. Jones subscriptions—he fails to give his postoffice. We wish to write to him, if he will give us his postoffice we will do so.

At the Episcopal Church in this city on Tuesday morning, Miss Lizzie Borden and Mr. Charles Grainger had a ceremony performed by the minister, that made them "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one".

Remember the municipal election comes off on the 1st Monday in May, and you must be registered if you wish to vote; attend to it at once, register in your full name, its law. An important matter is to be voted upon. The question of bonds or no bonds.

Rumor has it that Mr. R. G. Best and Mrs. Mary Grant, both of this county, were married in New Berne on Tuesday last. Rig is home now and from the pleasant smile that illumines his countenance we guess there's truth in the report. Well, people will marry, it is fashion, and has been since Adam tired of working in the Garden of Eden alone and won mother Eve.

How would it do to consult the wishes of the people of Goldsboro as to whether the postoffice shall be moved or not, and no better way to find out how they stand upon that issue than to place a box at the polls on coming election and let each voter vote removal or not removal. It would be fair and cost nothing. We make the suggestion that it be done. What say the people?

There was a meeting at the court house on Tuesday night, for the purpose of discussing the proposition of issuing bonds; we were not there, in fact we didn't know there was a meeting called or we would have been there and heard the discussion, we learn that the following resolution offered by Mr. I. F. Dortch, was passed "That upon a favorable vote on issuing bonds that none of said bonds shall be used for any purpose except for the construction of a system of sewerage".

A postage stamp licker has been invented.—Ex. This is good news. We had made a contract with a boy to lick the stamps of this office, paying him by the square yard. The thing was quite expensive, but when the new United States adhesive plasters which are about thribble the size of the old fassion postage stamp came along we saw at once we were gone up if something could not be done to relieve us. It is all right now, we will cancel our contract with the boy and buy a licker at once.

Will not some of the farmers try the experiment of growing sweet potatoes under the old lazy-bed system this year. Prepare your ground as usual, making it rich and mellow, make your ridges not too large, but round and smooth; set out your plants and fill between the ridges up to and around the plant with fine stew. This will prevent the grass from coming; it will keep the ground moist and save the labor of working them, and it will prepare your ground for a good crop of anything you may desire to plant there another year. Try it and report your experience.

We were shown a card a few days ago, and asked if we could make anything out of it?. Well we looked at it and could see nothing about it but the picture of some hogs, and not very remarkable looking hogs at that; but by the assistance of a bystander we found the card could be so folded as to form the face of Cleveland. Well we used to have a tolerable good opinion of Mr. Cleveland; or until WE differed on the silver question; and we never thought there was any hog in him until shown this picture; in that the hog forms the component parts of Cleveland; it does for a fact.

There is quite a stir in the city now over the removal of the postoffice. Some want it kept where it is and others are anxious for it to be removed to the Arlington Hotel. Of course we have no say in the matter. It seems to be made a political issue; in fact we heard a gentleman say a few days ago that a Democrat who favored it remaining where it is and who was carrying around a petition for that purpose was silenced by being told that it was a political issue and he was on the wrong side. This is all wrong. The patrons of the office whether they belong to one party or the other should be consulted as to their choice where the office should be and a majority of them should be allowed to say where it should be. The circulation of THE CAUCASIAN is daily increasing, and if circulation is to be considered when men are looking for a place to put their advertisements, we would suggest that THE CAUCASIAN is the medium through which to reach the people. A word to the wise should be sufficient."

Subscribe to The Caucasian $1.00 a year.

A Little boy who with others were Swiming ticks across a basin of milk, remarked, "it don't become me to say it but I do say it. I have the fastest tick on the basin of milk." It may not become us to say it, but we do say it, THE CAUCASIAN is on a boom and don't you forget it. We received a letter a few days ago from a gentleman telling us to send him a thousand sample copies and he would get us 500 subscribers and he had just sent us a batch of subscribers far in excess of the number of copies that had been sent him the week before. You may call this bragging if you want to in fact you can call it what you please. You may even say we are lieing, but we know what we are doing. If you don't believe THE CAUCASIAN is being read get behind a tree some night and club us and get and read our subscription books. They don't lie.

WE PLEAD GUILTY.

We were taken to task a few days ago for our comment on a statement of the New Burne Journal, that the times were getting better, that the outgoing cabinet officers were training in the in coming ones in the duties their office, in which we used a little of abreviated profanity. We confess that we were wrong; and promise not to do the like again. The Paper strives to be high-toned. It is read by the children of the land, and nothing should ever go into it, that they ought not to read.—Loca Editor.

A Gala Day And Alliance Pic-Nic.

There will be an Alliance Rally at Richlands, N. C. Thursday, May 4th, 1893, at which time there will be an address delivered by the silver-tongued orator, for reform, Hon. Harry Skinner,' of Greenville, N. C.

All the people in the surrounding country are invited to attend with well filled baskets to spend a social day together. By order of Richlands Alliance, E. L. Franck, Jr., Prest. H. B. Koonce, Sec.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Just now there is a great scramble for office. Very often the politicians want one person while another would be more acceptible to the people. We trust that the wishes of the majority of the Democrats, at least, will be respected. It is none of our fight, but we like to see fair play. This is a country where the majority is supposed to rule, and this good Democratic doctrine should apply to appointments as well as to elections.

The first chapter of our new fascinating story, "The Hidden City," will commence in next issue instead of this. The reason for this is as follows: Last week just after we finished printing the Clinton edition the type of the last chapter of the story, "My Lady Tongue" got mashed. We did not have time to set it up for the Goldsboro edition. But we publish the last chapter of that story in the Goldsboro paper this week. The new story will start in next issue.

One of the amendments to the State Alliance Charter, passed by the Legislature, provided that the profits arrising from the Business Agency should be turned over to the Trustee and not be used by the Alliance. Formerly funds so accruing had been turned into the State Treasury and had been used for the lecturing and other purposes. The object of the partisan Legislature undoubtedly was to stop lecturing. But the Legislature has failed in its object, for every week we are receiving calls from the Alliance for speeches and offering to pay our expenses.

We have received several letters from ministers and other friends kindly protesting against the use of several profane words that have crept into our columns. We very much appreciate these kind and timely suggestions. One of the cases referred to was a profane word in a communication, the other was an abbreviated word in the editorial column While we are responsible for what appears in the paper as editorial, yet we did not write the paragraph referred to. See statement of local editor in another column. We do not remember to have ever written a profane word for publication, and we trust that nothing of the kind will appear in the paper again. We will look more closely after communications hereafter. We always appreciate kind suggestions from our friends.

Died at his home in Pender Co. of typhoid pneumonia, Apr. 9th '93, Mr. B. J: Bowden, in his 54th year. He leaves a wife and two children to whom we extend our sympathies.

He has erected a monument to his memory more lasting than crumbling marble, that of a good name, around which the tendrils of affection shall delight to entwine. We laid him to sleep near his home by the green pines that sigh a requim to his memory; under the wide spreading cedars where the birds shall carol their matins and the moon's pale beams keep their vigils o'r his tomb. B. B.

First Strawberries of the Season.

BURGAW, N. C., April 11, 1893.

The first shipment of strawberries from Burgaw was made Tuesday We are told that this is ten days earlier than the first shipments of last season. Times will be lively around the depot of mornings for the next few weeks because of the berry trafic. There are more than seventy-five acres of berries in and around Burgaw. We hope the prices will come up to the expectations of the shippers.

MY LADY'S TONGUE.

CHAPTER V.

ACCEPTED AT LAST.

The popping of the rifles went on for some two hours, and then Judith could stand it no longer. She rushed out of the house with her father's field-glass, and stood on the top of a little hill near the ice-house, trying her best to make out how things were going.

She was as white as the fold of the little cambric kerchief crossed over her bosom. There was a horrible weight in her heart, an aching almost past endurance in her throat She stood there for some moments, but could see nothing for the smoke.

All at once she noticed the figure of a man running, in bold relief against the broad snow-fields beyond.

A strange panic got hold upon her. What was about to happen? He came nearer and nearer, and she saw first that he had lost his cap, and then that he had no sword. Nearer he came, and nearer. He was a splendid runner, at all events, and what was very strange, he seemed to know the approach to the house quite well. As he came near to the great clump of catalpa trees which grew on the hill-side just below the ice-house, he struck out to the left.

Suddenly Judith gave a cry. The field-glass dropped at her feet. She put her hands to her throat, and again that terrible cry broke from her.

Twilight was setting in, but she had seen his face quite clearly. It was Dick—Dick, her brother, her father's only son—Dick, the pride of her heart—her soldier—a Virginian. She stood for an instant, her eyes never moving from the copse into which he had darted, and in that instant she made up her mind.

She rushed to a long cabin some twenty yards away. Uncle Eden was inside; the poor old fellow had sprained his wrist badly some days ago, and he was sitting alone over the smouldering fire with a corn-cob pipe in his mouth.

A moment later he was following Judith down to the copse.

"Dick!" called the girl, softly, "Dick! answer; it is I—Judith."

He came after awhile; sullen and blood-stained. There was a bullet-scratch across one of his soft cheeks, and a lot of blood about him here and there.

"What's the matter?" he said, sharply. "How did you know that I was here? I have been wounded."

"And so have I—and so have I!" said the girl. Then she took his arm into both her hands. "Dick," she whispered, keeping his eyes with a look which haunted him for many a long day, "I saw you running."

"Well?" he said, with an attempt at bravado. "What of that? I expect if you take the trouble to look you'll see many a poor devil running before the day's over."

"I saw you running," she said again, in that strange whisper.

Then she threw herself on the ground before him and got hold of his cowardly knees.

"Oh! darling," she said, "oh! my darling. Go back—go back—go back. No one will ever know. You can say you came to get a horse. There is Hautboy—take him and go back. Quick—quick!"

He stood there, ghastly white under the red stains on his face; with his sullen brows drawn down.

"I tell you I'm wounded" he said. "I've been shot twice in this arm."

"Twice!" she cried. "If it were twenty times, what matter? Oh! Dick."

"It's my bridle arm," he muttered. Your bridle arm! What! you stand there and tell me that? You—whose father has ridden to hounds many and many a time with his right hand so crippled with gout that he had to wear it in a sling? Oh! we are wasting time so. Come—come on—Eden's here. He will have Hautboy in a ninute, Come, Dick! Come, darling Dick!"

Then he turned on her. He wrenched himself free from her hands, and stood scowling down at her.

"I will not!" he said, with shut teeth, as she herself sometimes spoke. "You think it's very grand, don't you, to come and bully a fellow with one arm helpless, to get on a great fiery steed like Hautboy, and ride into that devil's mess down yonder? That's the way women are brave! Oh yes—pushing men forward into all sorts of danger, and then playing the coward under cover of their own petticoats. Yes, danger—"

"Stop!" said the girl. She got to her feet, but looked at him no longer.

"Uncle Eden!" she called.

He stepped forward, his face taking on that strange ashen hue which is the synonym of pallor in a negro.

"Come with us," she said, once more speaking to her brother.

"What are you going to do!" he burst out, querulously. "If you think you're going to force me into going, I'll be d— first!"

"O! coward—coward!" she said, with a very mirthless smile. And then again, "Coward!"

It went went through his very marrow. But he took no step forward.

"Come," she repeated. "Don't—don't be—afraid!" She smiled again. "I only want you to come to Uncle Eden's cabin, where you will be—safe!" Again the smile.

Then he followed her. Once inside of the cabin she turned sternly upon him.

"Take off your uniform," she said, "I am going for Hautboy. Uncle Eden will stay with you."

"What—what are you going to do? she gasped, staring at her.

"I am going in your place. Don't sneer; I mean it. Have off your uniform by the time I come back."

He did not in the least believe her, but he took off his clothes as she bade him, more out of a sullen curiosity than anything else. He wanted to see how far she would go.

In ten minutes she was back. He handed her the uniform with a sort of laugh, and she took it without a word and went down into the copse, lead Hautboy, who was saddled with a man's saddle. Half way there she turned and called the old negro, who stood the picture of misery just outside the cabin door.

"Uncle Eden," she said. She took his horny hand and held it between her soft palms. "I'm really going. He doesn't believe it, but I'm going. It—it's the only way. My father, Eden, Oh !dad—dad·" Then she went on quietly again. "I want you to get him off if I'm hurt, you know—well—killed. Either way there'll be room for him to start over. If I'm killed, and they bring me back, don't tell any one. Have me buried for—him. If they wonder about me, never mind. The other would kill dad. That's all. Good-bye, dear Eden."

"She put one soft arm about his black neck, drew down his black nerk, drew down his loyal old woolly pate, and kissed him twice. Then she went, and left him sobbing as though his heart would break.

It was a soundless gallop over the the new-fallen snow, past so many familiar places and objects. Now came the old mill, now the barn, now the spot where she and Boughton had climed the straw-stacks that other December day. Now the leap over the mill-stream. She noticed that the marshmallows seemed abloom again, with their brown cups full of snow.

Suddenly there was a flash to one side. A saber lying on the snow. There was blood on it. Ah! the one Dick had thrown away, of course. She dismounted and took it into her hand, and got up again. The blood was stiff with the keen air, and did not come off when she grasped the hilt. On and on. Nearer and even nearer that sharp, incessant sound. She had ridden as often on a man's saddle in her childish days as on any other, and she had a light, beautiful seat in her boy's clothes.

Ah, yes! there they were. How the smoke hung in the still air. Some crows actually flew cawing away, as she rode under the dead sycamore tree where they had their nest. Nearer, nearer, nearer. That was what Hautboy's hoofs, as they suddenly struck the frozen road, seemed to say to her.

Then all at once came something close by her ear. The sound of a wasp alighting to sting. Another and another. Then she realized what it was. She was within range of the rifles. A bullet stung Hautboy's ear and he reared a little.

Suddenly he swerved sharply aside. They had nearly ridden over something that lay on the ground. Something huddled, and dark, and small-looking in a gray uniform. A sort of horror got hold on her; she looked back at it again and again as she rode on. Then came another and yet another.

Then some lying in this way and that, and across one another, and then, somehow, she was in a whirl of smoke, and of noise, and of leaping blades, and Philip was beside her. And he, too, had lost his cap, and there was a great ugly gash all across his cheek, and he was saying:

"Dick! You? Thank God! thank God! I thought you were killed. Come on—this once will finish 'em," and then she was rushing on with Philip, and on, and on, and on—

And then it was red as though blood had been poured into her eyes, and she could see it. And then golden as though with a great sunset. An then came darkness unutterable, and the noise as of a thousand rivers about, and aboye, and above, and underneath her.

When Boughton rode up to Carylon with Dick, as he thought, on the saddle in front of him, old Eden was the first who met him, and in spite of all his agony (for he thought the boy was dead) Philip couldn't help noticing, with a dull sort of wonder, how the old man had aged since yesterday.

He shook in every limb, as he followed them upstairs, and then, when Boughton had laid down his burden on the bed, in Dick's room, turned and shut the door and went and fell on his knees beside the bed, and got hold of the coverlet with both hands, panting rather than sobbing, like one who has run a long way.

Boughton stood it as long as he could, walked up and down the room, forgetful of exhaustion in his tremendous excitement, then he came and sat down on the edge of the bed and put one hand on the old man's shoulder.

"Don't—don't, Eden," he said, unsteadily. "He died so galiantly—poor little chap—I didn't know it was in him," he added in a hushed voice.

Then cried the old man, lifting up his shaking hands with a certain uncouth majesty.

"Fo' Good, sah, you mus' know—you mus' know. I cyain stan tuh heah yuh call huh dat. Oh my little miss—oh! my honey Mars Phil, sah, she tole' me not tuh tell, but yuh mus' know sah. Hit's right—hit's right. Oh! Marse Phil, dat ain't Marse Dick, dat's Miss Judif herse'f—herse's!"

"What?" said Boughton.

His blood stood still in his veins. There was one instant of absolute nonenity for him. And before he could speak again there rushed in and past him a wild figure and flung itself on the bed, and moaned and wept and called the name of "Judith", many times. And this pale figure had Dick's pale gray eyes, and the eyes of the figure on the bed were closed. Also there was much blood in the red-brown curls.

And when at last the poor repentant creature had swooned for very grief and horror, Boughton pushed him aside with his foot, and called him "hound," added an ugly word back of his teeth.

But when the women came to dress her again as a maiden, he was kneeling there beside her with his face upon her hand—and they thought that he, too, were dead.

So the days wore away, and it was Christmas Eve again when the doctor, coming from Judith's room, said that for the first time he could tell them to "hope." On Christmas morning she turned her sweet face with recognition toward the half-curtained window, and said:

"Don't I hear the bells, dad?"

He answered "yes," It was all he could say, the dear old Colonel. And then she said: "Why, it must be Christmas Day?" And this time he could only nod. So she asked them to draw the curtain, and lay very peacefully for a little space, looking out at the saffron glare of the weather glim, behind the network of the tulip trees just outside her window. After awhile she spoke again. Just one word this time:

"Dick!"

Then when he came in, his poor, weak features working piteously, she took him to her soft breast and crooned over him, being too weak for speech. And after many words he whispered:

"Oh! Judith, darling, you have given me something I never had in my life until now."

And she said:

"What, dear boy!"

Whereat, bending his face in her pillow, he sobbed out:

"Courage."

Then she reached for him with her thin, little hand, and here is what she said:

"I am so glad, dear boy. It is the only Christmas present that I can give you," and she smiled at him and kissed all of his face that she could reach for the pillow.

And that evening she asked to see Philip.

He came and took her hand without saying anything, but she could hear the clamor of his heart as he knelt close beside her.

"Phil," she said, "I—I thought you might have a Christmas gift for me. Have you?"

"I would have gotten you a thousand if I had known." he began; but she stopped him.

"Isn't there—the—the bracelet?" she said, not looking at it. "I would like it very much. I don't know whether it would stay on—

He rose white, even to his lips, and went and fetched it. Then, as he took her hand to put it on he said:

"Judith, you know what this means?"

"Yes," she said, "and I—I have something for you, Phil; not much, but I thought you might not like it, you know."

"Anything that you will give me I will appreciate," he said, "if it's only the ribbon that has tied your shoe. Tell me, what is it?"

Then said my Lady Tongue, making a sweet, outwark jesture with her little slender arm:

"It is—it is myself."

They were married before he rejoined his regiment, and even the cruel war did not divide them; but Dick was shot at Gettysburg, and they say that no lad in all the South had ever died more bravely.

[THE END.]

THOSE WHO HAVE SENT CLUBS.

Below will be found the names and addresses of the friends of the paper who have sent in clubs since last issue.

W. M. Bateman, Mackey's Ferry, N. C.
W. G. W· Leigh, Conetoe, N. C.
Geo. M. Burton, Ridgeville, N. C.
Miss Madie E. Pratt, Cairo, N. C.
W. B. Howell, Lowesville, N. C.
P. B Thompson, Grady, N. C.
W. H. Blackburn, Blackburn, N.C.
W. J. McConnell, Derita, N. C.
Newton Stone, McNeely, N. C.
Geo. A· Griffin, Elm City, N. C.
S. C. Little, Harvey, N. C.
M. W. White, Millers, N. C.
J. A. W. Keer, Mooresville, N. C.
T. B. Mangum. Goldsboro, N. C.
G. L· Aycock, Mapleville, N. C.
S K. Mintz, Shallotte, N. C.
Miss I. B. Thompson, Stantonsburg, N. C.
P. M. Pearson, Riggsbee's Store, N. C.
V. T. Grabs, King's Cabin, N. C.
A. J. Hudson, Reidsville, N. C.
Jas. B. Stanley, Trenton, N. C.
P C. Hahn, Hickory, N. C.
J. J. Hughes, Lizzie, N. C.
T. H. Whitaker, Letha, N. C.
W. G. Bland, Lockville, N. C.
L. N. N. Ranes, Rolesville, N. C.
W. E. Hill. Faison, N. C.
Colin Shaw, Magnolia, N. C.
E. M. Peterson, Burgaw, N. C.
Edward Banks, Banks, N. C.
J. P. Sossoman: Huntersville, N.C.
L. L. Smith, Sharon. N. C.
J. J. Brinson, Baird's Creek, N. C.
J. P. Harper, Oliver, N. C.
Q. A. Setzer, Newton, N. C.
E. A. Ketner, Craters, N. C.
John Rodrick, Rutherford College, N. C.
Fred. Johnson, Grifton. N. C.
M. L. Wood, Lewiston, N. C.
J. P. Bridges, Raleigh, N. C.
T. H. Hatchett, Purley, N. C.
W. B. Nixon, Fairfield, N. C.
S. O. Lazenby, Sigma, N. C.
J. G. Folger, Butcher, N. C.
C. C. Bennett, Edward's Mill, N. C.
N. C. Cooper, Nashville, N. C.
W. L. Kivett, Liberty, N. C.
W. T. Nash, Watkins, N. C.
A. W. Colson, Mooresville. N. C.
M. A. Thornbury, Startown, N. C.
J. D. White, Greensboro, N. C.
C. W. Perkinson, Wise, N. C.
Geo. E. Newman, Sladesville, N.C.
J. T. Council, William's Mill, N. C.
S. H. Bright, Glenfield, N. C.
Peter Dorham, Wyatt, N. C.
Wm. S. Ball, Greensboro, N. C.
Z. B. Tussey, Silver Hill, N. C.
John H. Moose, Dry's Mill, N. C.
Dr. Geo. K. Faust, Graham, N. C.
Rufus Gardner, Riggsbee's Store, N. C.

PRESIDENT BUTLER'S APPOINTMENTS.

The State President of the Alliance, Mr. Marion Butler, will speak at the following times and places:

Henderson(Vance Co)	11 a m	April 13.
Oxford (Granville Co)	3:30 p m	" 13.
Concord (Cabarrus Co)		" 20.
Lumberton,		" 27.
Lenoir County,		May 5th

SIXTY NEW CASH SUBSCRIBERS YESTERDAY AND FOUR RENEWALS.

We are every day being asked how many new subscribers are coming in. Our present book-keeper has been in the office since March 13th. On last Thursday we had him to make a statement as to the number of new subscribers entered on books since then. The following is his affidavit:

I, J. E. Spence, Book-keeper for THE CAUCASIAN, hereby certify that I have received and entered on the books since March 13th up to and including April 6th, 830 new cash subscribers. J. E. SPENCE.

April 7th, 1893.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this April 7th, 1893.

D. J. BROADHURST, J. P.

On yesterday we addressed a note to him and asked for a statement of the number on one day, Tuesday. The following is his answer:

April 12th, 1893.

HON. MARION BUTLER, EDITOR THE CAUCASIAN:—Your inquiry received. In reply, I beg leave to state that on yesterday I received and entered on the books sixty new cash subscribers and four renewals.

Respectfully,
J. E. SPENCE, Book-keeper.

An Editor Charged With Libel.

Marion, N. C. Apr. 11.—James T Griffin, editor of the Western Free Lance, was arrested on a bench warrant for libel on complaint of J. L. C. Bird, Esqr. of Marion, on Saturday and at Lenoir Monday gave bond for $2,000 before Judge James D. McIver for his appearance at the next term of McDowoll Superior Court. He was arrested on civil process for damages on Monday, and required to give bail in the sum of $5,000, and has so failed to give it, and is held in custody.—News and Observer.

WORLD'S NEWS IN BRIEF.

STATE.

Wrecked by an Open Switch.

An open switch on the Raleigh & Augusta division of the Seaboard Air Line caused the wreck of an engine and ten cars of a freight train at Raleigh on the 6th. The engineer stuck to his post and was not hurt.

From the News and Observer we take the following item: P. H. Wright, of New York, late of North Carolina, has institutated an action in the Supreme Court of New York against W. Duke, Sons & Co., for $500,000, which he claims to be due him on a settlement of their old partnership. Colonel John W. Hinsdale, of counsel for the plaintiff, left yesterday to assist in the trial of the case, which will be tried the first of next week.

WINSTON, N. C., April 8—Sheriff McArthur, of Forsyth, had a narrow escape from losing his life to day in attempting to arrest a negro thief, William Johnson.

The latter shot at the officer with a shot gun. He was so close that the powder burnt the sheriff's face. Johnson escaped but McArthur says he shall be arrested.—Charlotte Observer.

There came near being a serious shooting affair in Clear Creek Saturday last. Thos. Simpson, white, and a negro named Bill Hilton got into a difficulty, when Simpson picked up a shot gun and shot Hilton in the back. The wounds are painful but not serious.—Charlotte Observer.

In the case of the State against ex-Sheriff J. Row, and Rogers charged with embezzlement, a verdict of not guilty was rendered in the Superior Court of Wake county last week.

Prof. Eben Alexander, of the University of North Carolina has been appointed United States Minister to Greece.

The next annual convention of the Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias, of North Carolina will be held in Greensboro on or about June 12.

Howell Cobb, proprietor of the Swannanoa Hotel, at Asheville, N. C., has made an assignment.

A Loan and Trust Company with a capital stock of $200,000 has been organized in Winston.

There are only 82 convicts within the walls of the State Penitentiary at Raleigh.

New Berne is constructing a system of water works

NATIONAL.

An Air-Ship For Kansas City.

CLINTON, Mo.,—A. A. Kellogg of this city has perfected a pattern aerial ship which experts claim will solve the problem of air navigation. Already capitalists have become interested in the matter and work will begin at once on a ship in the Exposition building at Kansas City. It is thought the machine will be completed by May 15. The vessel will not only fly, but can be easily regulated as to height of flight and course.

Baggage Smashers Must Now Beware.

The Railroad Commission on the 5th instant, issued the following commendable order: "All common carriers subject to the supervision of the Railroad Commission shall provide such means or appliances as may be necessary to secure the careful handling of and to prevent injury to any parcel of baggage to which a check may be affixed. And at all minor stations where no proper appliances are supplied, and no regular depot-hand is employed, it shall be required of the train-hands to assist the baggage-master and lift with care all baggage from the car-doors.

The Nebraska Legislature Adjourned on Saturday Night.

LINCOLN, Nebr., April 9.—It was 9 o'clock last night when the house of legislature adjourned sine die. Twelve o'clock noon was the time set, the delay being occasioned by a failure of the houses to agree upon bills. The session just closed has been productive of more sensations in matter of exposing alleged official corruptions than any meeting since Nebraska became a State.

Shot Himself.

Harry Martin, step-son of Senator Vance, shot himself in Washington, D. C., Thursday at the residence of a lady on 1st street. He proposed to the young lady and she rejected him and he shot himself. Martin is reported to be in no danger of death.

Sad Easter.

NEW ORLEANS, April 3.—By the over-turning of a sail boat on Lake Ponchartrain yesterday afternoon four persons, Mrs. Mary A. Kelly, Miss Agnes and Mamie Flynn, her nieces, and Miss Effie Kelly were drowned.

The following appointments have been made by the President: James O. Broadhead, of Missouri, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Switzerland.

Barlett Tripp, of South Dakota, to be envoy extrtordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Austria-Hungary.

Eben Alexander, of North Carolina, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Greece, Roumania, and Servia.

To be consuls of the United States—James E. Neal, of Ohio, at Liverpool; James M. Dobbs, of Georgia, at Valparaiso; Q. O. Eckford, of Mississippi, at Kingston, Jamaica; David N. Burke, of New York, at Pernambuco; Edgar Whidden, of Main, at St. Stephen, N. B.; Henry F. Merritt, of Illinois, at Barmen; Asa D. Dickinson, of New York, at Nottingham; Benjamin Lenthier, of Massachusetts, at Sherbrooke.

Charles E. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, to be appraiser of merchandise in the district of Philadelphia, Pa.

Municipal elections were held last week in the towns of Kansas, Missouri, Michigan, Wisconsin, Arkansas, Ohio, Colorado and Texas. In Chicago, Carter Harrison was elected mayor by nearly 20,000 majority. In St. Louis, the Republicans gained a sweeping victory. In Kansas the Republicans carried most of the towns in the eastern part of the State. In Michigan the Republicans were generally victorious. The result in Ohio was about the same as in November. The Populists carried Dubuque, Iowa.

An eight year old daughter of Jas. Sharp, of Poplar Grove, died Tuesday of hydrophobia. She was bitten by a rabid dog two months ago. Ex.—Almost every paper we pick up there is cases like the above reported. It is about time the country was declaring war on the dogs; is there anything disloyal in that?—Ed.

The seven story brick tobacco factory formerly owned by W. Duke, Sons & Co., of New York, but more recently by the American Tobacco Company, was destroyed by fire on the 2nd inst. The total loss estimated at $400,000 covered by insurance.

Thousands of men are out of employment in Chicago. Every unemployed man and woman in the country that could get there have gone, supposing there was plenty of work, but the supply now over reaches the demand.

The election in Rhode Island resulted in a majority for neither party. As a majority is required to elect, the Legislature will again be called upon to select State officers.

The investigating committee of the Texas Legislature by an almost unanimous vote advises the impeachment of Land Commissioner McGaughley, on charges of fraud.

A lighted pathway across the Atlantic is the talk. It is thought to be possible. It is proposed to put ten powerful lights, 200 miles apart, and connect them by electric cables.

Ex-Gov. A. G. Magrath, the last war Governor of South Carolina, died in Charleston April 9th. He was born 1813.

Congressman J. C. Hutchinson, of Texas, attempted to shoot a banker at Houston, Tex., but was prevented by bystanders.

Secretary Gresham has received notice that a United States Consular Agent has been attacked by natives in Peru.

Ten men were killed last Saturday in a mine explosion at Shamokin, Pa.—Alliance Gazette.

FOREIGN.

Vessel and Iceberg in Collision.

LONDON, April 9.—The British bark Arthurstone, Capt. Adams, from San Francisco, October 20, which arrived at Queenstown to-day, reports that on January 10 she was in collision with an iceburg 500 miles off the Falkland Islands. During the excitement attending the collision several of the crew launched boats, but were persuaded to return by the captain and to rig juries. The Arthurstones lost her foretopmast and bowsprit, and damaged her bows. Her forepeak is flooded.

France Apologizes to Germany.

PARIS, April 9.—The government has apologized to Count Muenster, German ambassador, for the detention of the letters written by Herr Kurtz to the German embassy and consulate while he was imprisoned on suspicion in Rouen. Count Muenster was assured that a repetition of such incidents would be carefully avoided in the future, and that if Herr Kurtz returned to France he would not be molested.

Village Destroyed by Fire.

BELGRADE, April 9.—A severe earthquke was felt in many parts of Servia. The village of Viliki Popovitch was tumbled into ruins and several inhabitants were killed. Deaths in wrecked houses are reported from other villages in the kingdom.

Samoa's Chief Justice Resigns.

BERLIN, April 4.—Chief Justice Cederkranz, of Samoa, has again sent in his resignation on the ground that the Samoa treaty, concluded in Berlin, has become a farce. His resignation, probably, will be accepted.

A raid was made on farm houses near Xeres and the conspirators captured there. They were armed with rifles and large knives. Documents captured showed the preparations made for another outrage in revenge for the executions of February, 1892.

A strike of the Dock laborers, of Hull, England, is reported to be becoming extremely serious. Troops have been ordered to preserve order.

STENOGRAPHY.

Miss Hattie Whitehurst, Stenographer in THE CAUCASIAN office, will take a class of six or more in Stenography to be taught at night. Apply at THE CAUCASIAN office, Goldsboro, N. C.

Prouty Press For Sale.

An Eight Column Prouty Press, purchased new, and used only 18 months, is offered for sale cheap. For particulars address

JAMES B LLOYD,
Tarboro, N. C.

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Notice.

The Traveling Agent of THE CAUCASIAN, Mr. J. P. Sossaman, "Richard Razor," will be at:

Ruderfordton Court April 24th, '93.
Cabarus Court May 1st, 1893.
Rowan Court May 8th, 1893.
Iredell Court May 22nd, 1893.

IN MEMORIAM.

Sixty words free, one cent for each additional word. Send money with obituary notice.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from time to eternity our beloved brother Joseph Wrench, of Cedar Hill Alliance No. 830. Therefore be it

RESOLVED, (1st) That we feel deeply the loss of our brother, and realize that the hand of our Divine Master has been heavily laid upon us, thereby creating a vacancy in our Lodge that will be long felt.

RESOLVED, (2d) That in the death of our beloved brother, Cedar Hill Lodge looses one of its most devoted members, and was one of our kindest and most faithful brethren.

RESOLVED, (3rd) That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, a page left blank sacred to his memory, and a copy be sent to the bereaved family and to THE CAUCASIAN with request that it be published, and as a further evidence of our appreciation and esteem we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

M. O. JACKSON,
J. H. JACKSON, } Com.
J. L. DANIEL,

Progressive Farmer please copy.

MARKETS.

GOLDSBORO.

(Country Produce.)

Cotton, (middling)	8
" (good middling)	8¼
Hams,	11 a 12½
Sides,	11
Shoulders,	11 a 12½
Lard,	13
Fodder,	70 a 75
Corn,	60
Meal,	65 a 70
Peas	70 a 80
Peanuts,	50 a 80
Oats,	32½ a 60
Eggs,	10 a 12½
Chickens,	20 a 25
Beeswax,	20 a 22
Potatoes	1.00 to 1.25

CLINTON.

(Reported by C. P. JOHNSON.)

Corn,	60
Peas,	60 a 80
Bacon,	10 a 12½
Chickens,	15 a 25
Eggs,	9 a 10
Beeswax,	18 a 22
Butter,	20 a 25
Lard,	12½
Fodder,	75
Flour	4 00 a 5 50
Hides,	5 a 6

WILMINGTON.

(Naval Stores.)

Spirits Turpentine, quiet	29½
Strained Rosin, firm,	1 00
Good Strained,	1 15
Tar, steady,	1 00
Turpentine, (crude) firm, hard,	1 00
Yellow Dip,	1 70
Virgin,	1 70

RALEIGH,

(Cotton.)

Good Middling	8¼
Strict Middling,	8¼
Middling,	8¼
Stains,	7½ a 8¼
Tinges,	7½

Market weak.

I AM STILL IN THE RING.

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on East Centre Street, near the Old Market. I take this method of informing my former friends and customers that I am again in business and invite them to call and see me when in need of anything in my line. Remember the place, near the Old Market, Goldsboro, N. C.

JAMES D. PATE.

apr13-tf.

AGENTS WANTED.—No money required until goods are sold. Box containing 25 samples and full terms to agents and dealers 10 cents. They retail for 25 cents each. This is no humbug. Address, W. H. CRISP, Homestead, N. C. feb23—3ms.

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feb2—3m Raleigh, N. C.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

DAISY'S JEWEL BOX.

And How She Filled It.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

(Continued From Last Issue.)

She went slowly upstairs, looking at the two bills, which did not seem half so precious as when in the shape of gold.

"I wonder if it would be very extravagant to give her all of it. I shall do some silly thing if I keep it. Her boots were very thin, and she coughs, and if she is sick it will be dreadful. Suppose I give her five for herself, and five for her mother. I'd love to feel rich and generous for once in my life, and give real help."

The house was very still, and Daisy paused at the head of the stairs to settle the point, little dreaming that Mrs. Vaughn had heard the talk in the sewing-room, and saw her as she stood thoughtfully staring at the two bits of paper in her hand.

"I shouldn't feel ashamed if Mrs. Vaughn found me out in this, but I should never dare to let her see my bangles and pins, if I should buy them. I know she thinks them silly, especially so for me. She said she hoped I'd set a good example to Laura, in the way of simplicity and industry. I liked that, and Mother'll like it, too. But then, my jewel-box! All empty, and such a pretty thing. —Oh, dear, I wish I could be wise and silly at the same time!"

Daisy sighed, and took a few more steps, then smiled, pulled out her purse, and taking the ten-cent piece, tossed it up, saying, "Heads, Mary; tails myself."

Up flew the bright little coin, and down it came with the goddess of liberty uppermost.

"That settles it; she shall have the ten, and I'll be content with the old chain for all my jewelry," said Daisy aloud; and looking much relieved, she danced away, leaving the unsuspected observer to smile at her girlish mode of deciding the question, and to rejoice over the generous nature unspoiled as yet.

Mrs. Vaughn watched her young guest with new interest during the next few days; for certain fine plans were in her mind, and every trifle helped the decision for or against.

Mary White went smiling home that night to rejoice with her feeble mother over the help that came so opportunely and so kindly.

Daisy looked as if her shopping had prospered wonderfully, though the old necklace was the only ornament she wore; and those who saw her happy face at the merry-making thought that she needed no other. She danced as if her feet were as light as her heart, and enjoyed that party more than the first; for no envy spoiled her pleasure, and a secret content brightened all the world to her.

But the next day she discovered that temptation still had power over her, and she nearly spoiled her first self-conquest by the fall which is very apt to come after a triumph, as if to show us how hard it is to stand fast, even when small allurements get in our way.

She broke the clasp of the necklace, and Mrs. Vaughn directed her to a person who mended such things. The man examined it with interest, and asked its history. Daisy very willingly told all she knew, inquiring if it was really valuable.

"I'd give twenty-five dollars for it any time. I've been trying to get one to go with a pair of ear-rings I picked up, and this is just what I want. Of course, you don't care to sell it, miss?" he asked, glancing at Daisy's simple dress and rather excited face, for his offer had fairly startled her.

She was not sufficiently worldy-wise to see that the jeweler wanted it enough to give more for it, nor to make a good bargain for herself. Twenty-five dollars seemed a vast sum, and she only paused to collect her wits before she answered eagerly:

"Yes, I should like to sell it; I've had it so long, that I'm tired of it, and it's all out of fashion. Mrs. Vaughn told me some people would be glad to get it, because it is genuine. Do you really think it is worth twenty-five dollars?"

"It's old, and I shall have to tinker it up; but it matches the earrings so well, I am willing to pay well for it. Will you take the money now, Miss, or think it over and call again?" asked the man, more respectfully, after hearing Mrs. Vaughn's name.

"I'll take it now, if you please. I shall leave town in a day or two, and may not have time to call again," said Daisy, taking a half-regretful look at the chain, as the man counted out the money.

Holding it fast, she went away, feeling that this unexpected fortune was a reward for the good use she had made of her gold piece.

"Now I can buy some really valuable ornament, and wear it without being ashamed. What shall it be? No tinsel for me this time;" and she walked by the attractive shop-window with an air of lofty indifference, for she really was getting over her first craze for that sort of thing.

Feeling as if she possessed the power to buy real diamonds, Daisy turned toward the great jewelers, pausing now and then to look for some pretty gift for Janey, to be bought with her own money.

"What can I get for Mother? She never owns that she needs anything, and goes shabby so I can be fine. I could get some of those fine, thick stockings; hers are all darns,—but they might not fit. Flannel is useful, but it isn't a pretty present. What does she need most?"

As Daisy stopped before a great window, full of all manner of comfortable garments, her eye fell on a fur-lined cloak marked "$25." It seemed to answer her question like a voice, and as she looked at it she heard again the words:

"'But, Mother, that money was for your cloak. You need it so much——'

"'Hush, dear; I can do very well with a shawl over the old sack. Don't say a word to spoil Daisy's pleasure.'"

"How could I forget that! What a selfish girl I am, to be thinking of jewelry, when that dear, good Mother hasn't a cloak to her back. Daisy Field, I'm ashamed of you! Go in and buy that nice warm one at once, and don't let me hear of that ridiculous box again."

After this little burst of remorse and self-reproach, Daisy took another look; and prudence suggested asking the advice of some more experienced shopper than herself, before making so important a purchase. As if the fates were interested in settling the matter at once, while she stood undecided Mary White came down the street, with a parcel of work in her hands.

"Just the person! The Vaughns needn't know anything about it; and Mary is a good judge."

It was pleasant to see the two faces brighten as the girls met; rather comical to watch the deep interest with which one listened and the other explained; and beautiful to hear the grateful eagerness in Mary's voice, as the answered cordially:

"Indeed, I will! You've been so kind to my Mother, there's nothing nothing I wouldn't be glad to do for yours."

So in they went, and after due consideration, the cloak was bought and ordered home,—both girls feeling that it was a little ceremony full of love and good-will; for Mary's time was money, yet she gave it gladly, and Daisy's purse was left empty of all but the good-luck penny, which was to bring still greater happiness in unsuspected ways.

Another secret was put away in the empty jewel-box, and the cloak hidden in Daisy's trunk; for she felt shy of telling her little business transactions, lest the Vaughns should consider her extravagant. But the thought of her mother's surprise and pleasure warmed her h art, and made the last days of her visit the happiest. Being a mortal girl, she did give a sigh as she tied a bit of black velvet around her white throat, instead of the necklace. which seemed really a treasure now that it was gone; and she looked with great disfavor at the shabby little pin, worn where she had fondly hoped to see the golden rose. She put a real rose in its place, and never knew that her own fresh, happy face was as lovely; for the thought of the two mothers made comfortable by her was better than all the pearls and diamonds that fell from the lips or the good girl in the fairy tale.

"Let me help you pack your trunk; I love to cram things in, and dance on the lid when it won't shut," said Laura, joining her friend next day, just as she had well hidden the cloak-box under a layer of clothes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bertie County.

Sans Souci, N. C., March 26th. 1893.—Editor Caucasian.—Papa takes your valuable paper and we are more than pleased with it. I am glad you think enough of the children to add a few words in your paper. I am a little girl 12 years of age. I had rather read children's column than any other space. Correspondents solicited.

Your little friend.
Maggie E. Snell.

She Likes The Caucasian.

Aaron, N. C., March 30th 1892—Editor of The Caucasian.—I am a farmers daughter 15 years of age. My father takes The Caucasian and we all like it very well. We have an Alliance Organization near here but I am not old enough to join yet. My mother died when I was small, but I have a good stepmother. I am glad that you have given a space in your paper for the children, I enjoy reading the letters. I will write again some day, wishing you and your paper success, I will close. Your unknown friend.

S. P.

Correct Answer.

Kinston, N. C.,—April 1, 1893, Mr. Marion Butler.—I think the answer to the arithmetical puzzle 3 in number 8 is 17 and 20.

Respectfully,
Cora Jones.

Sampson County.

Newton Grove, N. C., March 28th, 1893.—Hon. Marion Butler, Dear Sir.—My father has been taking The Caucasian some time and he enjoys reading it ever so much, I was pleased when I saw the "Childrens Corner" in your interesting paper. I think you were ever so kind as to think of we children. I go to school at "Beaver Dam" and like it very much, I also take music at Newton Grove. I am a little girl 13 years old. I will close wishing you and your paper much success.

Sudie Ingram.

Correct Answer.

I will send in the answers to the arithmetical puzzles, though I don't know whether they are correct or not. First answer, 9, 14, second, 10, third, 17, 20.

Ina. V. Pennington.
Aaron N. C.

Enigma No.

[For The Caucasian.]

My first is in top but not in bolt; my second is in whole but not in all; my third is in eagle but not in hawk, my fourth is in come but not in balk; my fifth is in enigma, but not in riddle; my sixth is in drum but not in fiddle; my seventh is in catch but not in hold; my eighth is in heat but not in cold; my ninth is in rose but not in flower; my tenth is in minute but not in hour; my eleventh is in call but not in come; my twelfth is in heaven but not in home; my whole if you will read through, you will read something good and true.

V. P.

"Boys," asked the young Sunday School teacher, "if we don't do what is right, what shall we get?"

"Left," was the prompt answer, in chorus.

"Yes, that's right." replied the teacher, determined to make the best of the unexpected answer.

FARMERS' COLUMN.

"There is no material progress that is well based and permanent without agricultural progress."

The Effect of Continued Fertilizing.

Farm land may be kept in a productive condition for many years by the use of artificial fertilizers alone, with the turning under of clover or some other green crops. It would not be advisable to depend wholly on the use of fertilizers for a long series of years, without some addition to the land of bulky vegetable matter, which has the effect of providing some food for the crops and of keeping the soil in a better condition for working. It must not be forgotten that crops at times take from the land many more elements of fertility than are supplied by the fertilizers, and these must be returned in some way, either by manure or green crops, or composts of some kind. The safe way is to use the fertilizers as a means of procuring a larger supply of the other indispensable elements of a fertile soil, and as a help rather than as a sole dependence.—Plow Boy.

Seed Pecan Nuts.

A N. C. correspondent asks: —

1. When is the time to plant pecan nuts?

2. Should the seed be planted where it is wanted to grow the tree?

3. How long before the treets will bear as much as a peck of nuts?

4. Where can good seed nuts be procured?

1. Any time in winter or early spring, January or February is a good time. It is well to soak the seeds for some days before planting

2. Yes.

3. It depends upon the character of the soil, 8 to 10 years probably on good soil.

4. The Texas Pecan and Seed Company, Fort Worth, Texas, and W. R. Stuart & Company, Ocean Springs, Mississippi, have for sale the best variety, the thin, or Paper Shell, which is the kind you should plant. Names of pecan varieties are being multiplied rapidly. We have the Stuart, the Van Dema, the Columbian and 2 or 3 others that we cannot recall just now.

Honey as Food and Medicine.

One of the most nutrious and healthful of foods is honey. It is the one sweet that never cloys and can be eaten with impunity at all times. The markets are now flooded with the white clover honey from up the state and the delicious California honey made from the orange blossom. Let your children eat all the bread and butter and honey they want. Give them great slices of bread covered with honey for their luncheons. It will do them good. From the time the new honey begins to come into the market until spring I feed my children on honey every day, says a mother. If they have a little cold or cough and trouble with their throats I give them strained honey with a few drops of lemon juice, and it proves most effectual. When they are hungry I give them a generous slice of bread and butter covered thick with honey and they never get sick, as they would eating sweet meats, jellies and jams. From long years of experience I feel justified in recommending honey as an excellent and nutritive food, not only for children but for grown people.

Garden.

The garden everywhere is a promoter of economy and health. In it nature pours forth her choicest and most wholesome gifts for the mere cost of seed and care. A home garden well attended is the most powerful foe of sheriff and doctor. In the farmer's garden the family have the vegetable, fruit and flower garden at their very door. The supplies offered are precisely those they want, exactly of the quality they desire and in the freshest and most wholesome condition, all at the mere cost of production.—Kansas Farmer.

Poultry.

The attempt to keep thirty or more hens in a poultry-house that is adapted for only twenty results in fewer eggs from the thirty hens than if a smaller number occupied the space. Cases are numerous where a few hens laid well, while large flocks gave no returns. The hens must be comfortable or they will not thrive, and then during the warm season there is no surer method of ceasing egg production than to have too many hens together. There is no economy in crowding them, for what is gained in one direction is lost in another.—Ex.

Attention to Colts.

They should be treated so kindly that they will come to meet you in yard and pasture. This is easily accomplished by frequently giving a lump of sugar, an ear of corn, or something else they like Give each a name and always call them by it. Halter-break when quite small, teach them to lead and stop at the word "whoa," leave tied for an hour or two at a time, letting them have something to eat while tied, and there will be little danger of their pulling at their halter At one year of age they may be accustomed to the bit, and may have a light harness on them for a few hours at a time. The modern practice of driving to a vehicle when only yearlings is bad, for unless extra care is used injury will result. Colts should be accustomed to the sight of umbrellas and strange noises. Keep them growing when both in and out of pasture.—Tennessee Farmer.

A number of small pastures are better than a single large one. They go farther and give more feed when the cattle can be changed from one to another, thus giving each a period of rest.

The Democratic payers say "the Democrats owe the Populists a big debt for putting the Democrats in power." The Populists will return the compliment in 1894.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

"Many talk about woman's sphere
As though it had a limit.
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper yes or no,
There's not a life, a death or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

THE CHANGING STYLES.

Violets the Rage for Hat Trimming—A Dress and How to Make It.

New York, April 5th 1893.

Starting out to give the readers of The Caucasian a weekly article which shall be in every way a lesson in dress, I begin with a hat, and a sketch of it is shown herewith. It is made of changeable brown and green velvet. On the brim, against the crown, a twisted roll of the velvet is put, while bows and loops of the same lie on the brim, which is a little narrower in the back than in

A ROUND VELVEL HAT.

front. On one side there is a bunch of ostrich tips.

There seems to be almost a rage for violets as hat trimmings, and they are frequently used so profusely as to compose nearly the whole hat. Violets and mimosa are a favorite combination. Sometimes there will be four bunches of the former set at the four corners of what is almost a square bonnet, and a fan-shaped arrangement of the mimosa in front. Such a bonnet will be made of black lace and jet, or the crown will be of jet with a little fluting of lace sticking out therefrom. Jet is a great deal used in combination with colors. Sprays of jet will form the sides of a bonnet, the front of which consists of fern flutings of light black lace, little posies of cowslips being inserted back and front, or, perhaps, cowslips in front and tufts of violets behind. Fanciful arrangements of this kind are preferred to straw bonnets, though straw crowns of some bright color, such as green, mauve, or old rose, will be set in a pompon of white or black lace, the whole being finished by a cluster of velvet roses or other flowers in front, or fern pleatings of lace, fastened by a brooch in which imitation emeralds amethysts, or rubies glitter.

The line of demarcation between the hat and bonnet is very slight, many of the former being hardly bigger than bonnets; still they al-

A VISITING DRESS.

ways have a brim, however narrow, which overshadows the brow somewhat. There is a great fancy just now for black lace hats. The face is supported on invisible wires, and the whole construction is as light and diaphanous as possible.

The dress of my second picture seems to be in princess style, but in reality it has separate skirt and waist. The material is black and yellow changeable satin tarque, dotted with yellow. The skirt is gored and the seams are trimmed with narrow rolls of nile-green velvet, and the bottom has three rows of black satin. The inside has a pinked ruffle of black silk and the whole skirt is lined with silk. The waist comes over the skirt and is finished with a belt of nile-green velvet, very wide at the left side and gradually narrowing to the right. For this reason quite a large space of the lining must be first covered with the goods so that the former will not show. That part of the waist between the yoke and the belt has a folded piece of satin. The yoke appears only in front and is made of finely tucked satin turque, finished with a band of black satin and trimmed with a lace ruffle and tiny bows of satin ribbon. The cuffs of the sleeves are tucked like the yoke, and the upper sleeves have a lining of nile-green silk draped with black silk net. At the elbow, falling on the cuff, there is a flounce of black lace tied with black satin ribbon. The arm-holes are also trimmed with a band of satin ribbon. The back is cut in one piece and shows no seam.

There is trouble ahead for the girl who sits on her foot if crinolines are to come in. It is bad enough now when we wear short petticoats with lace on the edge. As it is now, if a girl's heel does get caught, she can tear it free, but if she gets caught in a hoop and tries to kick down one side, won't it fly up on the other?

Estelle.

"Did you enjoy yourself in the country, Johnny?" "You bet. And the funniest thing I seen was the hired man unmilking the cows."—Indianapolis Journal.

RICHARD RAZOR GOES TO COLLEGE FOR ONE DAY AND RUBS UP A LITTLE.

Davidson College, N. C., March 28, 1893.—Mr. Editor. Thinking that it might be of some benefit to us in our rambles to go a day to college and rub up a little, we made a trip to Davidson. We found every thing in first-class runing order, and as we only had intended to stop for a short time we did not think it important that we should inquire about all the rules and regulations of the school. But in talking round we found the college was building a large dam near the chapel to incorate a body of water for a college lake, and we also learned that each student was required to roll a wheelbarrow or shovel dirt one hour each day in addition to his other studies. Well, this knocked us out on the first round, for there has been from our youth up some things called work that we never had any voice for, and one of them is rolling a one wheel loaded vehicle. Up to this time we had been mixing up with professors and students. We now cast about for other company. We found some old hayseeders and we are sorry to say we saw a great many of them hauling guano away from the depot by the ton. We had hoped we would see commercial fertilizer get the go by this spring again as it did last, but alas! the little rise in cotton last fall has turned many of our farmers wild. We imagine we could hear them singing as they drove home with their wagons loaded with the measly stuff this song, "In the sweet by and by" &c. We think we can hear them next fall bringing in their first and best fruits to pay for it. It is sung with their heads lowered towards the earth.

Lord pity us once more. Now, gentlemen, every indication is that the present administration will give the screws another turn, and money to handle the next crop will be scarcer than it is to-day. What encouragement have you for the big crop of cotton you are planting? Well, not withstanding the big crop of guano being bought, and the big crop of guano that is going to be planted, the old hayseeders are keeping themselves posted on passing events. They are particularly well posted on the work of the million dollar—well, we have no name for them. You know it was that crowd that went to Raleigh last winter and danced out $400 of your money, and they are not fussing about them not doing (legislature, that is what they called themselves) anything for the benefit of the laboring man, did not expect anything at their hands, but they did think they would be decent enough to keep their unholy hands off of the only organization the farmers have ever had that has been worth one cent to them. But they did not assail it on its poolitical or social points, but hunted about in the dark with closed doors when the old farmers were asleep—many of them dreaming, no doubt, of the flowery promises made on the stump, and they found in one corner of the charter of the farmers organization what is called the Business Agency, that made it possible for the farmers to get coffee at 20 cents when he would have paid 25 cents, sugar at 4 cents where he would have paid 6 cents and all of his other supplies at the same reduced prices. Then they drew the cowardly dagger and went for that as much as to say, you old foools shall not have any advantages in trade, and to make the thing more odious among decent people some of the heelers in the move are in debt to the Business Agency for the meat on their bones and refuse to pay it. Well, all this the old hayseeders know, and know it well.

These are some of the remarks being made: One old Allianceman said he would kill his old family dog if he ever condeseended to bark at one of the men who were in that diabolical plot. He said he would not feed a dog that had no more respect for himself. Another old Allianceman asked us if it would be a violation of the Alliance charter to plant his cotton seed in the dark of the moon. We told him it would unless he voted right, for the bill was hatched in the dark and we give him as an opinion that to be on the safe side he should plant in the light of the moon. One old Allianceman says he saw one of the returned members from his county the other day and he looked as lonesome as a harrowed pup and as gentle as a sucking pig and he did not believe he could tell one of the ten commandments from a by-law of a baseball club.

One brother wants to know if they are going to send brother Wilson to the Isle of Patmus and how long is his time.

What is number 13 going to invest their $13 in, in stocks and bonds or in the tobacco trust? The last misrepresenative destroyed Richard Razor.

P. S. We saw a died in the wool Democrat, non-Allianceman take a colored brother into an alley yesterday and have a long talk with him. The Democrat took something from his pocket, they both kissed it, and I saw them lick out their tongue and draw their hands across their mouth. What the Democrat took from his pocket was either a flask or a "gideon" Ritual. Messrs. Bell, Dunn & Co. can get the names by addressing us with return stamp and mentioning this paper. R. R.

"A FREE BALLOT AND A FAIR COUNT."

Why certainly! Yes indeed! Everybody is in favor of the above caption. The sworn testimony of respectable witnesses in the contest trial between Black and Watson at Augusta, Georgia, prove beyond a doubt that our caption does not always secure a certificate of election. Not only bribery but repeating by bands of negroes, on a big scale, are shown to have been perpetrated with the most unblushing effrontery, and with the full knowledge and connivance of Democratic (?) officials. There can be no question that about two-thirds of the votes cast for Black (or counted for him) in the city of Augusta were illegal, and these illegal votes secured his election. Federal supervisors were at the polls, but at each polling place three ballot boxes were used, with a boodle judge at each, and so separated by partitions that the supervisor could see but one of the ballot boxes. Sometimes he objected to repeating in his presence, but was always over ruled, and even threatened with arrest if he did not keep quiet. This is the sort of lawless rowdyism that beat gallant Tom Watson for Congress. A fine old Democratic cheese this—but full of maggots.

Subscribe to The Caucasian $1.00 per year.

ALLIANCE DEPARTMENT.

O'er every land, in every age
Some curse of creed or human ban
Has controvened the rights of man,
E'en now some subtle power
Enthrones the wrong, exalts the knave,
While idlers reign and toilers slave.

The Spoils of Civil Service.

It costs $9,000,000 a year to pay the United States officials in the civil service; and that is, after all, the chief plum that the political parties have been fighting for many years past.—The Mercury, Tex.

Why the Christian Poor do not Attend the Churches of the Toady Aristocracy.

At last some of the leading preachers in the big cities are realizing the fact that the working people are daily drifting away from the church. Sunday after Sunday, empty benches increase, whereon working people used to sit and listen to the gospel. Washington Gladden, and Richard T. Ely have recently called the attention of the clergy to this fact. Some of the kid gloved expounders of the gospel can't understand what it all means; so they say. If they will study their Testaments they will learn that the bulk of Christ's first followers were poor men. Christ fought the aristocracy of wealth, and the poor embraced his teaching. The modern preachers spurn the poor, and toady to the aristocracy. Here's the cause for empty pews!—Southern Mercury.

The above could be read with profit by some preachers and church folks not very far from The Caucasian office. But partisan religion can have but little christianity in it.

Keener Alliance Sampson Co. No. 578.

It was our good fortune to hear Bro. Hoover at Keeners on the 24th ult. He is representing the State Business Agency, and has a line of samples, shoes &c. His speech was replete with good sound Alliance principles, at which no one could take any exception. His address did good, and if our farmers would lay aside prejudice they have against our great order, and go to hear such speeches it would be of incaleuble value.

Old 578 is coming to the front again. We initiate one or more at every meeting. Romulus.

Sampson County

Whereas we the members of Red Hill Farmer's Alliance No. 925 do believe that we have had forced upon us unjust and hostile legislation or attempts at the same regarding our State charter:

1st. We resolve therefore that we publicly express our contempt for the action of the legislature, both House and Senate in their unholy attempt to cripple our order.

2nd. That we denounce and condemn said action as unjust and malicious.

3rd. That we ask all good Alliancemen upon their honor to let their small mites remain in the State Business Agency fund.

4th. That we earnestly request our brethren to trade through the Business Agency and thereby help to make it even better than ever before.

5th. That we also express our contempt for the action of the last legislature in compromising the back tax question which practically gives a vast sum of money to the richest corporation in the State.

6th. That we request the Clinton Caucasian and the Progressive Farmer to publish the above resolutions.

James O. Matthews,
J. M. Marshburn,
G. W. Mosely.

Passed in Open Alliance.

At a regular meeting of Thunder Swamp Alliance No. 444, held March 18th 1893 the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, the last General Assembly of North Carolina attempted to repeal the charter of the North Carolina Farmer's State Alliance, and finally passed amendments to said charter which are entirely without a cause, therefore be it

Resolved 1st, That we regard this a cowardly, uncalled for act as a direct blow at the North Carolina Earmer's State Alliance, an attempt on the part of our enemies to injure our noble order and further depress the working people of North Carolina.

Resolved 2nd, That we consider it as an expression of their extreme enmity towards the Alliance.

Resolved 3rd, That we feel a pitiable contempt for any member of the Alliance, who has advocated the cause of the Alliance, who has helped to endorse the demands of the Alliance, then to gratify our worst enemies outside the order and stooping to anything to accomplish fiendish purpose to crush out the organization he has sworn to support.

L. W. Parker,
Secretary.

Craven County.

At a regular meeting of Cove Alliance March 25, 1893, the following resolutions was unanimously adopted as follows:

Resolved, That the members of Cove Alliance No. 793, do join with the brethren of our noble order in condeming the act of the legislature of North Carolina in attempting to repeal the Alliance charter with the avowed intention of destroying the organization of the F. A. & I. U. in the State of North Carolina, therefore be it

Resolved, That we hold in utter contempt each and all members of the legislature who aided and abeted in the attempt to repeal the charter of our beloved order and resolved that we advise the brethren of our order and all lovers of liberty to watch those legislators in the future as the most deadly enemies to the laboring masses of our State and country, and be it

Resolved, That we the contributors to the Business Agency fund do not want our money back, but want it to remain in the Business Agency fund where it belongs, and if need be will contribute more of our scanty means in case any member of this sub-Alliance should withdraw his mite from said fund.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to The Caucasian for publication.

N. F. Wethering, President, C. W. McCoy, Secretary.

President Butler and The Caucasian Endorsed.

Oak Grove Alliance, No. 112, Vance county, N. C.—At a regular meeting of this Alliance, held on March 25, 1893, it was unanimously resolved,

1st, That we most heartily endorse the conduct of our beloved President, Bro. Marion Butler, throughout the whole of his course, since he became the leader of the Alliance in this State. And that we earnestly commend to our brethren everywhere his great paper, The Caucasian, respectfully suggesting that they subscribe to it.

2nd. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Progressive Farmer for publication, and a copy to Bro. Marion Butler.

J. F. Coghill, President. F. P. Bondon, Secretary.

To the Members of the Alliance in the Cotton States.

Brethren: It appearing from the minutes of the National Council, held in Memphis, Tenn., November 1892, as enrolled by the Secretary, that no authority was delegated to the Cotton Co-operative Bureau by that body, and our attention having been called to this fact by the president of the National Alliance, we hereby notify the membership of the several cotton states, that notwithstanding the progress made, we will make no further effort to put the enterprise in operation as a part of the work authorized by the National Council, but will, in accordance with the minutes as enrolled, refer the matter to the several states for their consideration and action.

Fraternally,
R. J. Sledge, President.
Geo. R. Maxwell, Fiscal Agt.
B. G. West, Secretary of the Cotton Co-operative Bureau.

Great Marsh Alliance.

Robeson Co. No. 136 March 25, '93, Whereas we the members of this Alliance have heard with contempt of the effort of the last legislature to interfere with the Business Agency of our State Alliance, with the intention, as we believe, of damaging our order. And whereas as they have singled out the Alliance from all other corporations in their unparalelled restrictions. And whereas they did not accept the amendments offered by our worthy State President, which would have been honest and satisfactory, but took a week to fix up others as mean and more cowardly than the first effort, be it

Resolved, That we denounce the act as mean and cowardly on the part of our enemies to injure one of the best orders we have ever known for the benefit of the farmers and laborers of the whole country.

Resolved 2nd, That we have now over one hundred dollars in the State Business Agency fund, and should any of our members see fit to draw out their part we will replace it at once.

The above preamble and resolutions was unanimously adopted after thoroughly discussing the amendments to our charter, and ordered to be published in The Caucasian and the Progressive Farmer.

Fraternally,
E. G. Johnson,
Secretary.

The most encouraging sign that the Farmers Alliance is master of the situation is that it is gaining in numbers everywhere. Not one of the members has as yet deserted its ranks since it shed the 'scabs' in 1891.—Southern Mercury.

An Inquiry.

Will some one define what a democratic, republican, or people's party Allianceman is? We confess it's beyond our ken. A democratic, republican, or people's party partisan is one who favors the success of his party, and opposes any which antagonizes his own.

The declaration of principles of the Farmers Alliance is the very essence of tolerance; hence no one can be an Allianceman and be intolerant. The eligibility clause of the Alliance has no regard whatever to the party the candidate affiliates, or proposes to affiliate with. The only demand it makes is that its members lay aside partisanship upon taking the obligation of the organization.

On the other hand, a political party lays down a set of ironclad rules, and each member must subscribe to its principles, vote for its candidates, or leave the party. The methods governing political parties are the essence of intolerance.

Thus it is that the Farmers Alliance is the opposite of a political party, and, so long as it adheres to its original principles, must remain so. The Alliance has advanced rapidly, what the churches have failed in, and what both the democratic and republican parties tried to prevent, the union of the south and great northwest. The flattering results developed in the last election should convince every one that it will succeed unless wrenched from its principles by place hunters and demagogues in its ranks. God forbid!

THEY BOTH CLAIM TO BE FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE.

Why is it that Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Gladstone both pose as champions of the common people, and yet are inveterate gold bugs? It is easier to account for Mr. Cleveland—he is but obeying the instructions of his Wall-street employers. But Mr. Gladstone? It goes to the heart of the millions of the G. O. M.'s admirers in this country that he should be found on the wrong side of this important question. He was lately sick after his onslaught on silver in parliment, but no sooner does he recover than he is entertained at a sumptious dinner by Rothschild. Besides this, Lord Roseberry, foreign minister in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, is son-in-law to aforesaid Rothschild. Is there not here food for thought, and a possible explanation of the milk in the cocoanut?—Virginia Sun.

"My Party."

It is well to know now that there is a party by the name of "Cleveland."

It is proper for the people to understand that a party has come into being differing from all other parties in its personality. It may be a small, select party, but it is the party in power. All other parties should act accordingly.

And since Mr. Cleveland started out to dedicate himself to the service of Mammon, it is quite in harmony with the superstition of the times for him to profess unbounded confidence in the assistance and co-operation of Almighty God, So he concludes:

Above all, I know there is a Supreme Being who rules the affairs of men, and whose goodness and mercy have always followed the American people, and I know he will not turn from us now if we humbly and reverently seek His powerful aid.

But the people are awake from Main to Oregon, and from the gulf to the lake. Jacksonian Democrats and Lincoln Republicans are ready and anxious to sweep this renaissance of Hamilton Federalism from our land and establish once more anti-bank currency democracy in its place. Brutus.

CORRESPOND

Extract from Letter From [illegible] Pitt.

"We are in the middle in Bethel Township and stay there until the [illegible] We get stronger all the propose to keep fighting Devil and plutocracy. God bless you in your tinue turning on the light Fraternal

R.

Mecklenburg C[illegible]

"Mr. W. R. Thorne, writes: Your paper is who, take it. There are shells that do not like it it is all stuff. The troub them a little [illegible] stomaches will not hold belong to the Alliance it and vote with the P from the lowest to the

Resolutions Adopted by M[illegible] Alliance.

[For The Caucasian]

At a regular meeting ell's Creek Alliance in N. C., on the 11th of M following resolutions mously adopted:

Resolved, 1st, That bers of said Alliance re proval of the principles al Farmers Alliance Union as declared in tion of the Alliance and with both feet on the and will support those demands, in a strictly spirit, and we will not man for office no matter he belongs to, who does those demands.

Resolved 2d, That in the most decided term of the late million dol of North Carolina in tions requesting our Representatives in vote for the repeal of silver law when nothing in its place.

We also condemn act of the legislature in peal the Alliance char it was intended for no than to kill or cripple organization.

Resolved 4th, That Marion Butler is the best workingmen of the State the more he is abused will stick to him.

Resolved 5th, That these resolutions be sent Caucasian and Progressive request them to publish

J. C. Beard vice-Pres.
A. J. B[illegible]
A. J. B[illegible]
J. M. K[illegible]

Franklin Coun[illegible]

A good brother fro county writes: May G ler and his paper for th form. If we could get read the paper for the n we would send a Senato ington.

Clay County.

A brother from Clay co "Rodrick" wanted to k Clay had any more farme Report says he has gone ington to get one of the Democratic bulls to plough Bell is a failure as a farm as a politician. I wish SIAN much success.

From Bertie Cou[illegible]

Aulander N. C., Ma Dear Sir:—Success to many readers. The C becoming a power for p people. It is praised fo fulness, of light and it long live to turn on the wish of Your Frie

Durham Coun[illegible]

Durham, N. C., April Mr. Marion Butler, Du Brother.—It affords me ure to work for The C is the most welcome vi would not do without it the cost of it. I have b you clubs. I shall conti for The Caucasian as find material to work on. be able to send you clu We need not fear the can get the people to rea * * * You will fi another club for your va Very tr

What Would You D[illegible]

If assured by scientific world would come to an the next twelve weeks promised novel of Cam rion, "Omega: The Last World," proves to be of terest. It is the concep of the world's most astronomers, worked ou bounds of scientific possi educating the reader in modern phase of science, of interesting surprises bian Nights Entertain most interesting part of derful novel is found in tion of the trepidation a tion into which the p world are known. Imag dition of the stock exch fact of such import start the face. The opening will be found in the A of The Cosmopolitan ma

Probably no novel ha presented in an America with such illustrations a Flammarion's "Omega," mences in the April num Cosmopolitan. In the trators are to be found Jean Paul Laurens, Chovin, Vogel, O. Saund and Meaulle.

Ohio's Senatorial F[illegible]

No wonder John Sherman to have a hand in raising in the United Ttates Sena legality of Brice's electi body. Foxy John had to ness for a seat in the House of Lords by lay measuring tape. He is happy by his "me too" him to strike down and ver as a co-ordinate m Ohio Democrats should of Sherman's right and Hammer (Ohio.)

VOL. N

EDITOR'S

THE OPINION OF TH ISSUES OF

Hannis Taylor been appointed mi He is a native of and though less tha one of the ablest law His argument before preme Court in the case is a famous an l document. He was the last summer rec health. He attende ment of the State being called out ma brilliant impromp writer knows him congratulates Mr. C United States and appointment.

It is amusing or pa Republican trying to have them under a Democratic It is there is some being as lucky as Gr surprising that they be the receipients of political enemy. government office wo laws manhood? As soldiers of one party a those of another and for making a change i in its place. power wants a reve have been bitter parti owed loud in torch-l and possibly done so by which the party w is necessary to e fellows to work in the then on what ground of an opposite party e ained, unless he pron his party affiliations a and for the other cro pose this is the pro made and Cleveland ceded recruits

The matter of the eldon railroad unmu tion has been for som of very serious co believe in an equa burdens. Naturally ed to escape taxation to this end it do ergies in every ca denied that its co Democratic campa far to thwar and secure an A to the road. I wish such lawyers as Hi ard and Strange, th received nearly a in back taxes. Th wever, conscious of for help in a time promised by accepting pittance of what ate. From the stan d, the members who acted commendably ular standpoint, it said that the road w the need of cont ruption fund to fut baleful influence in you clubs. I shall cont although at gre payers. "It's an ws no good."

E STATE CHRONICLE

The property of the consisting of type asses, books, etc., was ek by the Raleigh Pa latter having obtai $1,500. Other jud o obtained, one by th mpany. Mr Josep ds a $3,000 mortgage 2x.

So it turns out that ness to the News a all a dodge. The p debt no doubt with ing and then to ke ting the party the le backed up. There ther object and that subscription list in News and Observer, opoly paper would urnished to all the s

BEFORE AND AF

When Mr. Grady was e speeches he advis tand by their deman compromise or suppo was not for them. ore. We understa ys that Cleveland President in 1896. gain—When on the the people to vote fo ongress he told the ack salary grab an 5,000 that a Cong doubt as much as people got fifteen c cotton. When he e he offered a resol ss from Pres n there only o of it he voted ness to be in the House of Lords by lay measuring tape. He is happy by his "me too" him to strike down and ver as a co-ordinate m Ohio Democrats should of Sherman's right and Hammer (Ohio.)